The Bookman.

"I am a Bookman."—*James Russell Lowell.*

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NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor of The Bookman, St. Paul's House, Warwick Square, London, E.C.

No unused communications will be returned whether stamps are enclosed for that purpose or not, and to this rule we can make no exception.

News Notes.

For much assistance with the illustrations in this number we are indebted to the kindness of Mr. Francis Joseph Bigger, Mr. John P. Campbell, Miss Maive Stokes, Mr. Alfred P. Graves, Mr. William Blackwood, Messrs. Constable, Messrs. Cassell, Mr. Melrose, Messrs. Duckworth, and Messrs. Macmillan.

Mr. Everard Meynell is engaged on an authoritative Life of Francis Thompson.

The Home Country Gazette is a new monthly journal with which Miss Marie Corelli is connected and to which she purposes contributing from time to time specially written stories and articles. It is published in Stratford-on-Avon, which will continue to be its headquarters, though it is shortly to have a London office. It is the venture of a determined group of brilliant men and women who are interested in politics and literature, and who are all more or less socially distinguished. A particular feature of the journal is a series of "Letters to Little Statesmen," the one of the past month being a masterpiece of satirical eloquence addressed to Lord Rosebery. These "Letters" are the work of a very able and well-known writer, who for the moment preserves anonymity. The current number contains a striking article on the present situation by Raymond Blathwayt, entitled "The Backbone of Putty," and an amusing story, "A Political Wobbler," by Mrs. Alec Tweedie. A series of interesting papers on the sources of Shakespeare's Plays, "Shakespeare the Builder," commences in this month's number, also some bright "Irish Wayside Sketches," by Amy and Lilian Hamilton. *The Home Country Gazette* costs but a penny, and is admirably turned out. It can be ordered from Messrs. W. H. Smith & Son, 1, High Street, Stratford-on-Avon, and the new number is well worth getting if only for the daring "Letter" to Mr. Asquith.

Mr. Phillips Oppenheim's novel, "Berenice," though now published for the first time in book form, was written twenty years ago. He has lately completed a new novel, "The Illustrious Prince," which Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton have ready for publication this month.

"Tower of Ivory," Mrs. Atherton's new novel, is a story of life in Munich; the scenes are laid mainly

in the artist-quarters of the town, and the heroine is a great operatic soprano. It will be published next month by Mr. Murray.

Mr. William H. Davies, who, since the appearance of his remarkable Autobiography has become popularly known as the Super-Tramp, is publishing another volume of poems with Mr. Fifield. Though he has named the new volume "Farewell to Poesy, and Other Poems," we are assured that Mr. Davies has no intention yet of turning his back on the Muses.

There are nearly two hundred volumes of biographies, novels, essays, travels, and miscellaneous literature standing already to Mr. Percy Fitzgerald's credit in the British Museum catalogues, and he has just added to them a biography of Samuel Foote. He enjoys the distinction of having both written a Life of Boswell and made the bronze statue of him that was set up at Lichfield a little while ago; and he has just completed a statue of Dr. Johnson, whose Life he has edited three times. Amongst other work as a sculptor, he made the sitting figure of Sterne, now in the York Cathedral Library; busts of Dickens that have been erected in Boulogne Town Hall, Bath Pump Room, Rochester Museum, and on the site of old Furnival's Inn; a tablet to Cardinal Manning; a tablet to Goldsmith that is to be seen in Brick Court, Temple; and the Memorial to Irving that has been placed in the hall of the Lyceum Theatre. Mr. Fitzgerald is the only author now living whose stories were revised by Charles Dickens; when he was in difficulties with his plots he frequently went to Dickens, who also helped him in most of his proofs and added to them "large slices of his own long sentences."

Mr. Percy Fitzgerald.

Meredith's unfinished comedy, "The Sentimentalists," is to be produced this month at the Duke of York's Theatre. By the way, the illustrations we reproduced in our two Meredith articles last month were, as we indicated beneath them, from the Library Edition of his works, and will not be used in the Memorial Edition that Messrs. Constable are now publishing. The Memorial Edition is newly illustrated throughout.

What is probably the first Biographical Dictionary of English Literature to be published at a shilling will be included in the fifty new volumes that Messrs. Dent are adding to their "Everyman's Library." The book has been specially compiled for this series by Mr. John W. Cousin, and will include American as well as English authors living and dead.

Mr. Warwick Deeping will follow his "Rust of Rome" with a romance that is woven round Garibaldi's defence of the Eternal City, in 1849, and deals with the adventures of a little lame Englishman whose heart was stronger than his body. Mr. Deeping's early work was purely mediæval and romantic in spirit; latterly he is feeling the fascination of modern life with its larger and more complex interests, and has formed a too-modest estimate of those delightful stories with which he made his reputation. "I realise," he says, "that I have written much over-coloured and sweet nonsense. As one grows one learns too late one's affectations"; and his present aim is to get sincerity and truth into all he writes. He was educated at Merchant Taylors' School and Trinity College, Cambridge; studied medicine and worked for a year as a country doctor before abandoning that profession for literature.

In these days, Mr. Warwick Deeping is living the country life in Sussex; he is a great lover of the open air and of handicrafts of all kinds, and is his own gardener, carpenter, mechanician and motor driver. He is very happily married, his wife sharing all his interests and enthusiasms. He gives his leisure hours to books, but is not much of a novel-

Mr. Warwick Deeping.
Photo by A. R. Perry, Hastings.

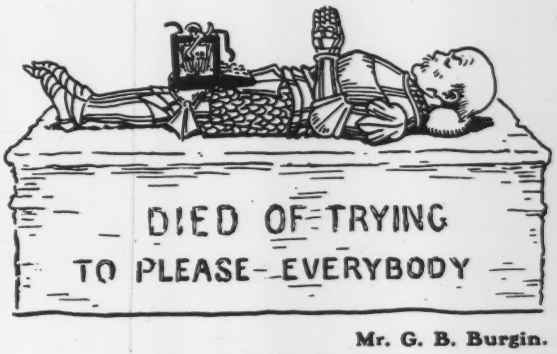
reader, and does all his writing in the mornings and evenings, working steadily day by day, but never after nine o'clock at night.

The poet in a golden clime is born, as Tennyson says, but unfortunately he seldom inherits his share in the money of the country. If he no longer starves picturesquely in a garret, his soul does, whilst he is earning his bread by more or less uncongenial labours down in the basement. "As an errand boy," said Gerald Massey, "I had many hardships to undergo. Having had to earn my own dear bread thus early I never knew what childhood meant. I have been congratulated on the uses of suffering and the riches I have wrung from Poverty. My experience tells me that Poverty is inimical to the development of Humanity's noblest attributes. Above all, Poverty is a cold place to write Poetry in." Probably if Mr. F. S. Flint had written any preface to his little book of poems, "In the Net of the Stars," which we review elsewhere, he might have used very much the same words. Mr. Flint, who is still a young man of four-and-twenty, looks back on a life of hardships. He is the eldest of a family of eleven. His father was a commercial traveller, and for a few years after his birth his people were fairly prosperous; then misfortune and hard times came upon them, and until he reached the age of ten Mr. Flint lived through a period of semi-starvation, often knowing what it was to go hungry. At the age of nine the boy went out to work, but had to give it up on account of his delicate health. A year later, when the family had removed to Tottenham and he saw the country for the first time, he found employment again, and was, for rather more than three years, assistant in a shop, working in this way forty-two hours a week out of school hours. Then, when he was still under fourteen, he started life in the City, reading and learning French of evenings and occupied from nine till seven daily as warehouse lad, warehouse clerk, and finally as shorthand writer and typist, in which latter capacities he is still engaged in a Government Office. Those who can read between the lines find that "he has told his story in his song," and if the high promise of "In the Net of the Stars" is not belied, he will yet tell it to some purpose.

Messrs. Jarrold & Sons are offering in open competition the sum of £100 for the best story accepted by them for publication as a presentation volume for boys or girls. The story must not be less than 50,000 words in length nor more than 75,000, and MSS. must be sent in not later than May 16 next.

"Alongshore" is the title Mr. Stephen Reynolds has given to a realistic study of fisher life that Mr. John Lane is publishing. The book will be illustrated with a series of remarkable photographs.

Messrs. Hutchinson & Co. will publish "The King of Four Corners," a new novel by Mr. G. B. Burgin, early in March. In this story Mr. Burgin reintroduces some of his most successful characters—Old Man Evans, Ikey, and Miss Wilks, the mule. Raising a question the other day as to who was our most prolific novelist, Mr. Clement Shorter mentioned that Mr. Burgin had produced forty novels since 1893. In addition, Mr. Burgin has



Mr. G. B. Burgin.
As caricatured by Mr. Starr Wood.

written a large number of short stories and done much journalistic work; he is also kept well occupied as secretary of the New Vagabond Club, and our fancy portrait of him by Mr. Starr Wood predicts the ultimate fate of the man who tries to please critics and the general public with his books, and its many and varied numbers with his club.

Mr. Alfred Gathorne-Hardy's Life of his father, the first Earl of Cranbrook, is to be ready this month. The King has given permission for several letters from Queen Victoria to be included, and there are many letters of interest from leading statesmen of to-day and yesterday, but the book is based on the diaries that Lord Cranbrook kept with scrupulous regularity from 1840 to 1906. It will be published by Messrs. Longmans.

"Calico Jack," a study in music-hall life which has just been published by Messrs. Mills & Boon, is Mr. H. W. C. Newte's sixth book. He has recently completed a light summer novel, and is now working on a study in suburban values which the same publishers will issue in the autumn. He is also engaged on a new novel of theatrical life, with the inner workings of which he is intimately acquainted. Mr Newte was born at Melksham, in Wiltshire, in 1870; he comes of an old Devonshire family, which helped to make local history in Tiverton during the Civil War, and was educated for the Navy, but has followed a variety of occupations. For many years he wrote plays which, with the exception of eighteen one-act pieces that were successfully produced in London and the provinces, were consistently refused by all the managers who saw them; then, as a last resource, he turned to novel-writing, and from the first had no difficulty in getting his work accepted.

Mr. Horace W. C. Newte.

Messrs. Rebman are publishing shortly "The Romance of a Monk," a new novel by Alix King, whose remarkable story, "The Romance of a Nun," created a considerable sensation last year.

In "Records of the Old Charlotte Hunt" the Earl of March has prepared a volume of particular interest to sportsmen and others, which Mr. Elkin Mathews will publish this season. It consists of material which the Earl has himself collected from unpublished documents and letters that have lain for many years at Goodwood, and will include the hunting journal (1738–46) of the second Duke of Richmond, who was Master of the Charlotte Hounds, and some old Sussex sporting songs that have never before been published. The volume will be fully illustrated from pictures at Goodwood.

Mr. Christopher Stone, who has been wintering at Montreux, has completed a new novel, but it will not see the light until the autumn. His recently published story, "They Also Serve," which we review on another page, shows a remarkable advance on his striking but sombre first novel, "Scars."

A new book by Mr. Barry Pain, "The Exiles of Faloo," will be published by Messrs. Methuen early in March.

No novelist of recent years has achieved a more assured popularity than Mrs. Baillie Reynolds. The strong human interest of her stories and the charm of her narrative style gained immediate acceptance for her work, and each book she has published since "The Man who Won" has added to the wide circle of her readers. Her new novel, "Out of the Night," to be published by Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton immediately, is a charming and strikingly dramatic love romance, and is, in the opinion of those who have read the manuscript, the best story Mrs. Baillie Reynolds has written.

Photo by Gallichan & Gascoigne, 188, Strand.

Mr. Walter Jerrold.

Mr. Walter Jerrold's new book, "Douglas Jerrold and *Punch*," is to be published shortly by Messrs. Macmillan. It will contain a number of portraits and caricatures and some of Jerrold's *Punch* work that has never before been reprinted.

Not since Shakespeare's will was found in 1747 has any Shakespearean discovery been made that can compare in importance with the finding of the facts to be derived from the two dozen hitherto unknown documents that, after long and systematic researches in this country, have been unearthed at the Record Office by Professor Wallace, of the Nebraska University, who contributes a profoundly interesting article on his discoveries to the current number of *Harper's Magazine*. The documents he has brought to light include the papers connected with a lawsuit in which Shakespeare appeared as a witness, and the poet's signature is appended to his own depositions. The evidence goes to show that in the earliest years of the seventeenth century Shakespeare lodged for six years in Silver Street, near Cheapside, with a French family named Mountjoy, and he was subpœnaed to the Court of Requests because he was able to testify as to the promises that were made in the way of marriage settlements when the daughter of Mountjoy, who was a wig-maker, married Stephen Bellot, who had served as her father's apprentice. No other documents known to be in existence give us such vivid and intimate glimpses of Shakespeare's domestic life in London as do these that the indomitable patience of Professor Wallace has rescued from among the neglected and mouldering treasures of the Record Office. Strange that our English Shakespearean students are so lax as to leave it to a more resolute American scholar to sift our rubbish-heaps and show us that we are richer than we know.

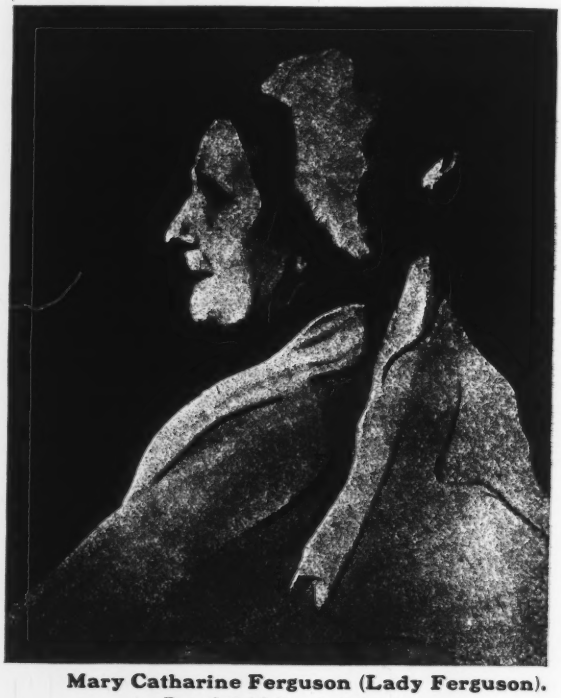
Mr. B. T. Batsford is publishing this month a volume entitled "The Manor Houses of England," by the Rev. P. H. Ditchfield, with illustrations by Mr. Sydney R. Jones. This book will form a companion to "The Charm of the English Village" which the same author and artist gave us two years ago.

Sir Samuel Ferguson, whose centenary is being celebrated this week by the Irish Literary Society in London, and next week on the day of his birth (March 10) in Belfast, was one of the pioneers of the Celtic revival in literature. A subscription list has

Mr. Alfred Perceval Graves and his Daughter.

been opened in Belfast to raise a suitable memorial to him, the memorial to include the establishment of a Ferguson Lectureship and scholarship in Belfast and the execution of a bust to be placed in the Municipal Library there. The author of "Father O'Flynn," who has written our Centenary article, has arranged to give a Concert Lecture during the Ferguson Celebrations in Belfast, and a Loan Exhibition of pictures, MSS., books and relics illustrating the Life and Work of Ferguson will be held in the Belfast Municipal Art Gallery during the Centenary week beginning March 10.

An admirable Life of Sir Samuel Ferguson was written by Lady Ferguson and published by Messrs. Blackwood in 1896, and a very charming and sympathetic memoir of Lady Ferguson was contributed to the Irish magazine, *Ulad*, shortly after her death in 1905 by Mr. Francis Joseph Bigger, the well-known North of Ireland antiquary. "The duality of life never had a sweeter example," says Mr. Bigger, "than in the union of Sir Samuel Ferguson and his wife. The one reflected in the other all the noble ideals that each strove to attain. It may be said that Lady Ferguson was an echo of her husband in his literary aims and patriotic aspirations. His voice was caught up by her, mellowed and deepened and then passed on to further valleys and more secluded ears with an added cadence. The beauty of the echo would never have been known had not the voice of Sir Samuel Ferguson first penetrated 'the fair hills of holy Ireland.' . . . The early death of Davis, when



Mary Catharine Ferguson (Lady Ferguson).
From *Ireland*, by permission.

Ferguson was lying on a sick bed, weighed down his soul with great grief. Out of that sorrow he wrote the most vehement of all his songs—the most fraternal in feeling—passionate with a patriot's love, yet withal breathing hope and faith for his country's future." The two sonnets which we reprint below were written on the death of Sir Samuel Ferguson in 1886, one by Mr. Alfred Perceval Graves, the other by his uncle Mr. Robert Perceval Graves, a man of high literary capacity who numbered Wordsworth and Mrs. Hemans among his friends.

SIR SAMUEL FERGUSON.

Strong Son of Fergus, with thy latest breath
Thou hast lent a joy unto the funeral knell,
Welcoming with thy whispered "All is well"
The awful aspect of the Angel Death,
As, strong in life, thou couldst not brook to shun
The heat and burthen of the fiery day,
Fronting defeat with stalwart undismay,
And wearing meekly honours stoutly won.
Pure lips, pure hands, pure heart were thine, as aye
Erin demanded from her bards of old,
And, therefore, on thy harpstrings of pure gold
Has waked once more her high heroic lay.
What shoulders now shall match the mighty fold
Of Ossian's mantle? Thou hast passed away.

ALFRED PERCEVAL GRAVES.

August, 1886.

LADY FERGUSON.

Thus spoke he, when he saw her rising tear:
"Mary, you must be brave. Though now we part,
We shall be reunited." And her heart
Drank in with sad delight the tender cheer.
Nor could she but be sad, when he was near
Who soon would be so far; when every art
To keep him here was baffled; when the dart
Of ruthless Death must strike a life so dear.
In all things was she Partner of his Mind;
Felt with him as a Poet; with her own
His joy in Shakespeare match'd; nor fell behind
His quest of Bardic lay and Ogam stone.
And Partner is she still; to her is given
His "All is well" to breathe in hope of Heaven.

ROBERT PERCEVAL GRAVES.

August, 1886.

"THE BOOKMAN" PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

MARCH, 1910.

Answers to these competitions (each on a separate sheet bearing the name and address of the sender) should be forwarded not later than the 15th of the month to

"The Prize Page," THE BOOKMAN, Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, Warwick Square, E.C.

NOTE.—*We have received many complaints from Colonial and Indian readers that they are debarred by the time limit from taking part in our Competitions. To meet this difficulty, the date fixed above for sending in answers will not henceforth apply to Competitors resident abroad, except in the case of competition No. 2; answers from foreign or Colonial readers for competitions* 1, 3 *and* 4 *(the subjects of these being the same each month) will be admissible to the first competitions that are adjudicated upon after the date of their receipt.*

I.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best quotation from English verse applicable to any review or the name of any author or book appearing in this number of THE BOOKMAN. Preference will be given to quotations of a humorous nature.

II.—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW NOVELS is offered for the best lines from English literature in prose or verse applicable to Halley's Comet.

III.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best review in not more than one hundred words of any recently published book. Competitors should give the names of authors and publishers at head of their reviews.

IV.—A copy of THE BOOKMAN will be sent *post free* for *twelve months* to the sender of the best suggestion for THE BOOKMAN Competitions. The Editor reserves the right to use any suggestion submitted.

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS FOR FEBRUARY.

I.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is awarded to Miss NORAH E. GOODBODY, of Inchmore, Clara, King's County, Ireland, for the following:

FREEDOM OF EXPRESSION THROUGH INTERIOR UNDERSTANDING. BY A. W. BERRY.

"I'd be sorry to mention
The words that he said."
E. Œ. SOMERVILLE, *Slipper's A.B.C.*

We also select for printing:

THE AGONY COLUMN. BY C. A. DAWSON SCOTT.

"Patient on this tall pillar I have borne
Rain, wind, frost, heat, hail, damp and sleet, and snow."
TENNYSON, *St. Simeon Stylites.*

(Mrs. M. A. Pocock, 2, Aldon Villas, Yeovil.)

US FOUR. BY S. MACNAUGHTAN.

"Emily Jane was a nursery maid,
James was a bold Life Guard,
John was a constable, poorly paid,
And I am a doggerel bard."
W. S. GILBERT, *Bab Ballads.*

(R. C. Orphan, 18, Somerset Road, Newport, Mon.; Miss Mary Arden, Hall Ings, Southowram, Halifax; T. M. Willcox, St. John's, Berkhamsted, Herts; Evelyn M. Abbott, The Croft, Old Malton, Yorks.)

"There's Mary Beaton, an' Mary Seton,
An' Mary Carmichael, an' me."
The Four Maries.

(B. W. Ramsay, Dyke, Forres, N.B.)

". . . meaning
Bill Bates, Will Weatherly, Jem Johnson, and me."
Old Song.

(M. Roberts, 31, Marlborough Road, Roath, Cardiff.)

"A very good girl is Emily Jane,
Jimmy is good and true,
John is a very good man in the main
(And I am a good man too)."
W. S. GILBERT, *Bab Ballads.*

(Miss H. McDougall, 366, Moss Lane East, Manchester.)

THE FORERUNNER OF GREECE. BY CHARLES HENRY HAWES, M.A., AND HARRIET BOYD HAWES, M.A.

"That little candle burning in my hall."
SHAKESPEARE, *Merchant of Venice.*

(Mrs. F. Warner, 27, Verig Street, Swansea.)

AN AFTERNOON TEA PHILOSOPHY. BY W. R. TITTERTON.

"At every word a reputation dies."
POPE, *The Rape of the Lock.*

(Mary C. Jobson, Western House, Middleton-one-Row, Co. Durham.)

THE HOME-COMING. BY CAROLINE A. ECCLES.

"There was a door to which I found no key."
FITZGERALD, *Omar Khayyam.*

(Mrs. A. M. Webber, 4, Queen Anne Terrace, Plymouth.)

II.—An unusually large number of lists, many of them very carefully compiled, have been received in this Competition, but on the whole Mrs. Dora Maw's is the fullest, most accurate, and most conveniently arranged. Miss M. E. Swain's list is almost equally good. Miss Irene Pollock Lalonde would come next, but she omits Charles I. altogether, and treats pretenders to the crown as ghosts that haunted four kings. In her list of kings deposed Miss M. B. Vincent ties with the winning paper; but she gives us only eight slain in war as against Mrs. Maw's twenty-one. Mrs. Pansie Annie Rainey's list is good, except

that she puts Charles I. amongst kings who were "sleeping killed," and very good lists have also been received from Ernest A. Fuller (Greenwich), A. Lewis (Cardigan), Evelyn M. Abbott (Old Malton), Joseph Hanton (Arbroath), E. Beckett (Wolverhampton), and others. The PRIZE OF THREE NEW NOVELS is awarded to Mrs. DORA MAW, of 57, Wellington Road, Heaton Chapel, near Stockport.

III.—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best review in not more than one hundred words is awarded to Miss BEATRIX TERRY, of 374, Brixton Road, S.W., for the following:

SHELLEY. By FRANCIS THOMPSON. (Burns & Oates.)

Thompson had here the task of dissecting a temperament which was closely allied to his own; and that circumstance was productive of a singularly intuitive treatment. His book ascends the zenith of inspiration; the diction is consistently beautiful; but in some passages the reader halts to recover breath, convinced that he has brushed skirts with the miraculous. The faculty of metaphor and the sense of rhythm are alike extraordinary, and the intense poetic feeling render the essay a thing unique in criticism; also, its pervading self-effacement is an attribute which helps to set the laurel more firmly on the author's brows.

Among the best of the many other reviews received are:

THE CARAVANERS. By the Author of "Elizabeth and her German Garden." (Smith, Elder & Co.)

The most striking feature of this exceedingly amusing book is the skill with which the autobiographer, a German officer, while obsessed with the idea of his own irresistible charm, is made to reveal himself, all unconsciously, as the embodiment of selfishness, the social prig, the consummate ass, who by his insufferable boredom breaks up the caravaning party which he has joined. His wife's adaptability to environment and adoption of English ideas, and her strength of mind displayed in throwing off the yoke of her husband's tyranny, strike one as perhaps an incredibly speedy transformation, but one greatly to be applauded.

(Emily Hunt, Glasfryn, Llanfairfechan.)

MARIE ANTOINETTE. By HILAIRE BELLOC. (Methuen.)

It would be impossible to praise too highly Mr. Belloc's latest historical work—his life of Marie Antoinette. With great clearness he has made his subject stand out from the dark background of the Revolution. He reveals her a child of fate, led from one tragedy to another by a force over which she had no control. She did not bring doom upon Paris, she met it there, for "God meant the Revolution." In Mr. Belloc's crisp, vivid style she stands before us—first the proud young "Austrian" despising Paris: later the broken woman upon whom Paris wreaked its vengeance.

(Miss M. V. Woodgate, 68, South Eaton Place, S.W.)

FOR KING OR PARLIAMENT. By S. HORTON. (Robert Culley.)

Here is a pleasant introduction to the stirring times of the Commonwealth, the history being served up with a plentiful admixture of romance and adventure. The reader is led along by the old-fashioned style, befitting a narrative told by the hero of two hundred and fifty years ago. We have vivid pictures of the all-absorbing politics and religion of those moving days and feel a more human interest in the great characters of the times, especially in Oliver Cromwell, who plays a conspicuous part and is finely portrayed in the grandeur and ruggedness of his character.

(Ebenezer Le Mare, 101, Carr Road, Fleetwood.)

CONTEMPORARY GERMAN POETRY. Selected and Translated by JETHRO BITHELL, M.A. (Walter Scott Publishing Co., Ltd.)

Whoever undertakes to render foreign into English verse must have great faith in his author and a fine willingness that inevitable failures should be ascribed to himself. Professor Bithell shows this devotion not to one writer only but to modern German poetry as a whole. If peoples are shaped rather by their ballads than their laws, then these capable translations from half a hundred poets offer to any one with a shilling in his pocket a rare knowledge of coming Germany. An informing introduction, a dedicatory sonnet to Richard Dehmel, and a valuable bibliography, preface this evident labour of love.

(Percy Redfern, "Bankside," Mellor Road, Marple Bridge, Stockport.)

GOLDEN APHRODITÉ. By WINIFRED CRISPE. (S. Paul & Co.)

A strange story containing much interesting character-drawing. The materials of the plot are ordinary enough, but the narrator has aroused interest and curiosity by the marked personality of the twin brothers, and by the means employed by both to gain their ends—or end. The old husband is a monster of malevolence, the young wife *is* Aphrodité, and the two brothers are her "angels for good or ill"—most readers will concur in saying that there is nothing "good" in her relations with any of the characters. The dénouement is *not* unexpected, but opportune. Just like a book!

(Miss J. A. Jenkins, Edge Hill College, Liverpool.)

GREAT BRITAIN AND THE CONGO. By E. D. MOREL. (Smith, Elder & Co.)

A more thorough retrospect of the relations between the British and the Belgian Government, on the subject of the existing system of administration in the Congo, I have nowhere read. The tone of earnestness is striking, and throughout the volume runs a vein of deep indignation at the iniquitous treatment of the native population in the Congo. The facts which Mr. Morel gives cannot but arouse in every true reader a keen sense of shame at England's dilatoriness in attempting to "wrest the Equatorial Region of Africa from the grip of the slave system which is destroying its people."

(Miss Annie Jones, B.A., 115, Lady Margaret Road, Tufnell Park, London, N.)

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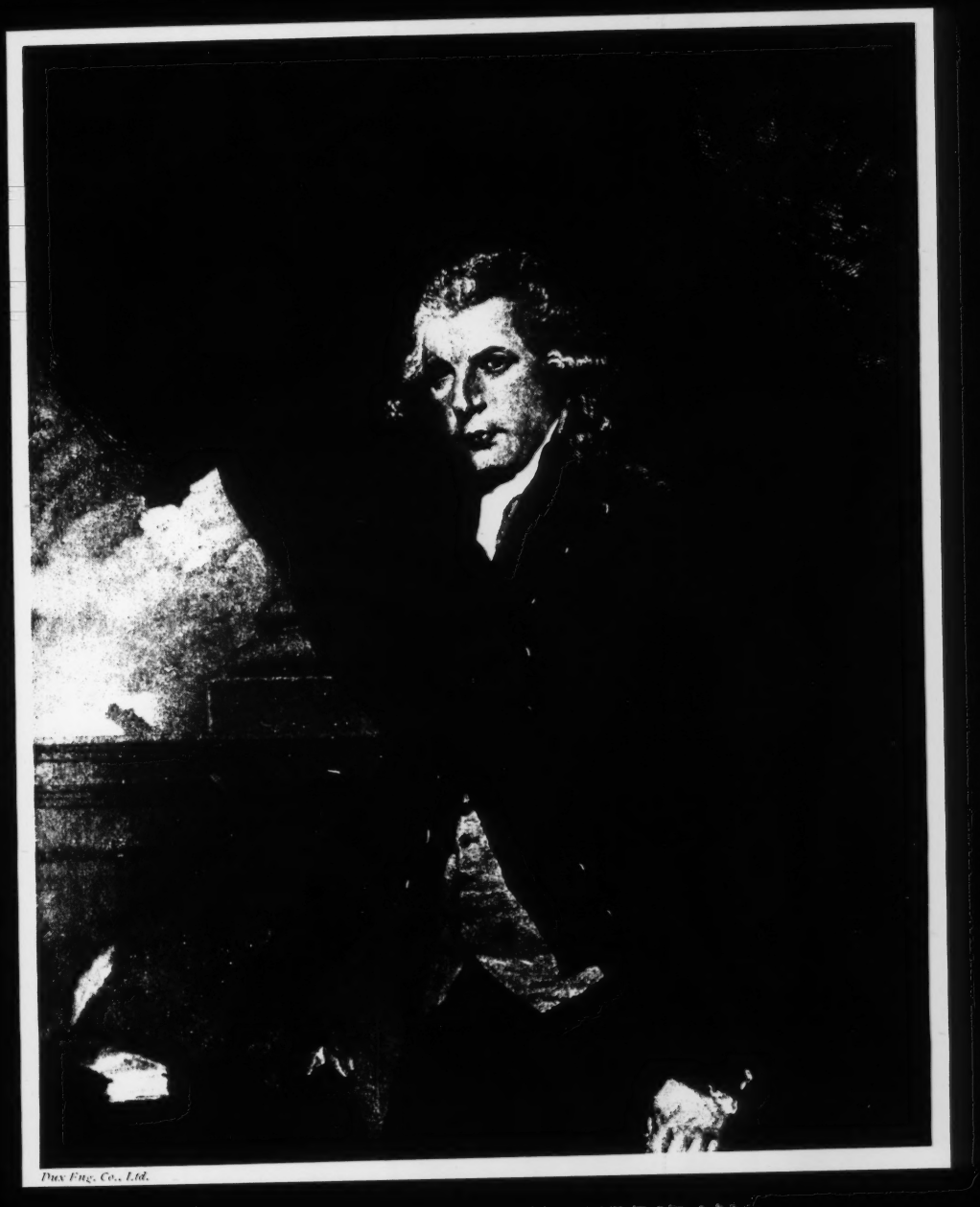

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RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN

(After Reynolds)

THE READER.

SHERIDAN.

By Lewis Melville.

MR. SICHEL concludes his Preface by imagining that Sheridan, had he seen this biography, might echo his own Dangle in "The Critic," and cry: "Egad! I think the interpreter is the hardest to be understood of the two." A careful perusal of Mr. Sichel's work * compels us reluctantly to endorse the author's fanciful picture of the great man's disapproval. This must not be taken as entirely condemnatory of the book, which is, indeed, an amazing achievement. It is a wonderful storehouse of knowledge, and contains everything that we can hope to learn about Sheridan; but great things were expected from Mr. Sichel, and we frankly confess to a keen sense of disappointment: the story of Sheridan's life has never been so fully told, nor less effectively. Mr. Sichel has had a great opportunity, for much new material has come into his possession, but he has assuredly not produced the definitive biography of Sheridan; and even as he has airily dismissed the "Lives" written by Thomas Moore and Mr. Fraser Rae, so, we may be certain, some future author will, with more of compliment perhaps, dismiss Mr. Sichel's. Until the inspired biographer shall arise, however, this book will hold the field.

Mr. Sichel's industry has been enormous, he has been amply rewarded in his tireless search for documents, and his knowledge of the eighteenth century is as great as that of any living man or woman. He had, therefore, all the qualifications for the task he set himself—all the qualifications but one: he is the slave and not the master of his erudition. Oscar Wilde once declared that when a present-day novelist has sufficient imagination to invent an incident, he is so ashamed of his vivid fancy that he usually seeks to corroborate it by a lying footnote. Mr. Sichel, on the other hand, when stating a fact, hastens to support it with an entirely unnecessary footnote. If in the course of his narrative he gives incidentally a phrase from Congreve or Farquhar, or any of the numerous authors which his learning enables him to cite, he forthwith elucidates it at the bottom of the page. There are no less than twenty-six footnotes appended to the first dozen pages, of length varying from one to nineteen lines, most of which should have been omitted or incorporated in the text. Mr. Sichel, in fact, lacks discrimination in the use of his material. He is so anxious the reader shall be told everything, that he gives the unessential nearly as much prominence as the important. To give but one example: he refers to Sheridan as belonging by birthright to the lineal succession of literary borrowers, and proceeds to discuss not Sheridan so much as the literary borrowers, quoting or giving examples from Burke, Reynolds, Mrs. Thrale, Burns, Wycherley, Shakespeare, Pope, Farquhar, Molière, and Fox. It is this method of work that has swelled the biography to 956 pages, exclusive of the appendices and the index, and inclusive of them to 1,178 pages. The book everywhere suffers from over-elaboration: such care as has been devoted to its composition is to be commended for its thoroughness, but is advisable only if the writer has the saving gift of the art that conceals art. Before passing from Mr. Sichel to Sheridan, one in-

Richard Brinsley Sheridan.
After Reynolds.
"Whatever Sheridan has done or chosen to do has been, *par excellence*, the best of its kind."—*Byron's Journal*, 1813-14.

* "Sheridan." From new and original material; including a manuscript Diary by Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire. By Walter Sichel. With Illustrations. 2 vols. 31/6 net. (Constable.)

Sheridan's Father.
From "Sheridan," by Walter Sichel. (Constable.)

Sheridan's Mother.
From "Sheridan," by Walter Sichel. (Constable.)

stance must be given of the biographer's method—culled from one of the forty-two sections occupying 179 pages that make up the Introduction—

"It is easier to class Sheridan as a comet than to give his psychology, which, if it could be rendered in music, would prove a *scherzo serioso*, a strange medley of tears and laughter. For Sheridan was not merely a free-lance and fantastic rebel like the late Lord Randolph Churchill; he was also, what Heine has termed another, 'the knight of the laughing tear.' A constitutional melancholy neighboured his mirth, the irony of things underlay his gayest outbursts, and his mind, like that of his frolicsome forerunner, the comic Farquhar, was frequently 'dressed in black.' He would have agreed with Richardson's 'I am forced to make myself laugh that I may not cry'; with Beaumarchais' 'Je me presse de rire de tout de peur d'être obligé d'en pleurer'; with Byron's

'And if I laugh at any mortal thing
'Tis that I may not weep.'

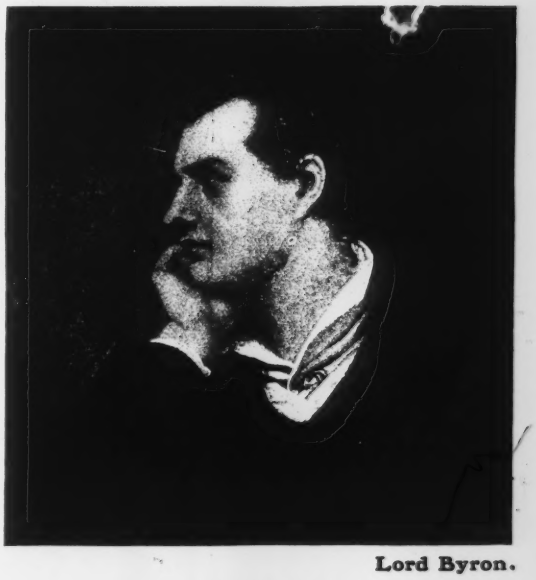
It is the never hackneyed instance of Yorick without his cap and bells, of Pierrot dissolved in pathos. Those who acclaim their quips or are touched by their whimsies, only think of them as mimes, all 'paint and proverb.' 'Celui qui rit et celui qui fait rire sont deux hommes fort différents.' Their audience will hardly follow them into the slipshod retreats where the wounds of body and spirit shame their despisers and vindicate their vagaries. Prior, singing 'Bannissons la mélancolie' at Madame de Tencin's, was such another. Nor is this contrast confined to worldlings. 'Indeed, I wonder,' writes Cowper in one of his marvellous letters, 'that a sportive thought should ever enter the door of my intellect, as if Harlequin should intrude himself into the gloomy chambers where a corpse is deposited in state.'"

From "Sheridan," by Walter Sichel. (Constable.)

"While the rest of the Linley family were at a concert, the young lady, aged eighteen, was removed in a sedan-chair, provided by the young gentleman aged twenty, to a post-chaise on the London road. They went to France, were married at a village near Calais, and Sheridan returned to Bath, leaving his young wife safe in lodgings with a sister-hood.—Henry Morley, Introduction to Sheridan's Plays: *Universal Library*. (Cassell.)

The life of Sheridan falls naturally into two main divisions the period of his literary activity and the period of his political activity. From the biographical point of view the literary career

Thomas Moore.
After Richmond's portrait.

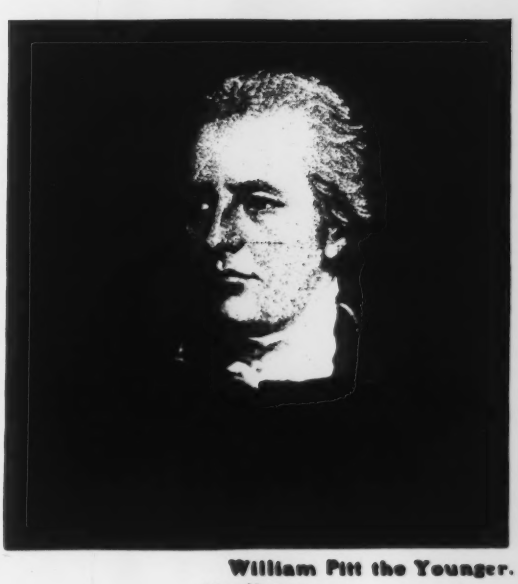


Lord Byron.

Samuel Rogers.
From a drawing by Sir Thomas Lawrence.

M. G. Lewis.
Generally known as "Monk" Lewis, by reason of his once popular novel, "The Monk."

Charles James Fox.
(Sheridan was a member of the Fox-Grenville Ministry in 1806.)



William Pitt the Younger.
After Hoppner.
(The original is in the possession of the Marquis of Normanby.)

MEN OF SHERIDAN'S CIRCLE.

is far less interesting than the political career, though, of course, the results were far more valuable. The record of the man in the study can never grip the reader like the record of the man in the field; the thought of the writer at work never holds the imagination like the picture of the adventurer in politics or in war. Sheridan's career as a dramatist, if we exclude his adaptation of Kotzebue's "Spaniards in Peru," covered only the five years from 1774, when he wrote and produced besides "St. Patrick's Day," "The Duenna," "A Trip to Scarborough," and "The Critic," "The Rivals" and "The School for Scandal." Even in these days, when sincere but ineffectual attempts are made to found national theatres, and when a repertory theatre is on the eve of opening, and there is consequently much discussion about the drama, it is not yet generally realised how few English plays there are of the first rank. Playwriting is, indeed, the most difficult art in the world. Nearly every generation has produced some admirable novelists, if not of the first then of the second rank, whose works are still read and appreciated. This is far from being the case with plays, and perhaps the reason is that if a play is not in the first rank it will speedily die, for nothing ages so quickly as the second-rate comedy or drama. It is, of course, something that a man should write a successful play, it is more that a man should write a literary play; but it is one of life's little ironies that most successful plays are not literary. Therein lies the reason of their early demise. Literary plays are usually divorced from dramatic effect, and in that fact may be discerned the cause why they do not endure. It is only when the man of letters writes a play instinct with life and character that it can stand the assaults of time; and how rarely this happens is obvious, for the Georgian era, so brilliant in fiction, produced in plays that live to-day as fresh as when they were created "She Stoops to Conquer," "The Rivals," and "The School for Scandal." Nor is this merely an isolated example, for the only comedy produced in the Victorian era for which there is any hope of prolonged life is "The Importance of being Earnest." A study of these four masterpieces—all of them, by a strange coincidence, written by Irishmen—shows that a great comedy must contain inimitable character-drawing, great and fanciful humour, a touch

Miss Linley (afterwards Mrs. Sheridan) and her Brother.
By Gainsborough. (Sackville Collection.)

"R. B. Sheridan, Esq., M.P."
From an old print.

"Playing with his irritable or angry antagonist, Sheridan exposed him by sallies of wit or attacked him by classic elegance of satire; performing this arduous task in the face of a crowded assembly without losing for a moment either his presence of mind, his facility of expression or his good humour. He wounded deepest, indeed, when he smiled."—*Wraxall's Memoirs.*

Scene from "The Critic."
(From an early edition of Sheridan's plays.)

"*Whiskerandos.* My conquering Tilburina! How! is't thus
We meet? Why are thy looks averse? What means
That falling tear,—that frown of boding woe?
Ha! now indeed I am a prisoner!
Yes, now I feel the galling weight of these
Disgraceful chains,—which, cruel Tilburina!
Thy doting captive gloried in before.
But thou art false, and Whiskerandos is undone!

Tilburina. O no, how little dost thou know thy Tilburina!

Whiskerandos. Art thou then true? Begone cares doubts, and fears;—
I make you all a present to the winds;
And if the winds reject you, try the waves."

The Critic, Act II. Scene ii.

Scene from "The Duenna."
(From an early edition of Sheridan's plays.)

"*Enter* PORTER.

"*Porter.* Here's one without, in pressing haste to speak with Father Paul."

The Duenna, Act III. Scene v.

Scene from "The Rivals."
(From an early edition of Sheridan's plays.)

"*Sir Anthony.* Here we are, Mrs. Malaprop; come to mitigate the powers of unrelenting beauty; and difficulty enough I had to bring this fellow. I don't know what's the matter; but if I had not held him by force, he'd have given me the slip.

Mrs. Malaprop. You have infinite trouble, Sir Anthony, in the affair. I am ashamed for the cause! Lydia, Lydia, rise, I beseech you!—pay your respects! (*Aside to her.*)

Sir Anthony. I hope, madam, that Miss Languish has reflected on the worth of this gentleman, and the regard due to her aunt's choice, and my alliance. Now Jack, speak to her. (*Aside to him.*)"

The Rivals, Act IV. Scene ii.

THREE SCENES FROM EARLY EDITIONS OF SHERIDAN'S PLAYS.

Mrs. Sheridan
(Elizabeth Anne Linley).
By Reynolds. (In the Glasgow Corporation Gallery.)

of malice, and kindly satire on society, and that it must have its foundation fixed firmly on a broad aspect of life. The play that lacks any one of these qualities may be vastly successful for a while, as may that which deals with some passing fashion or topical subject; but the history of literature shows that none of these have endured or can endure. Sheridan had the genius of the dramatist, and it was a sad day for literature when he abandoned the study for the senate.

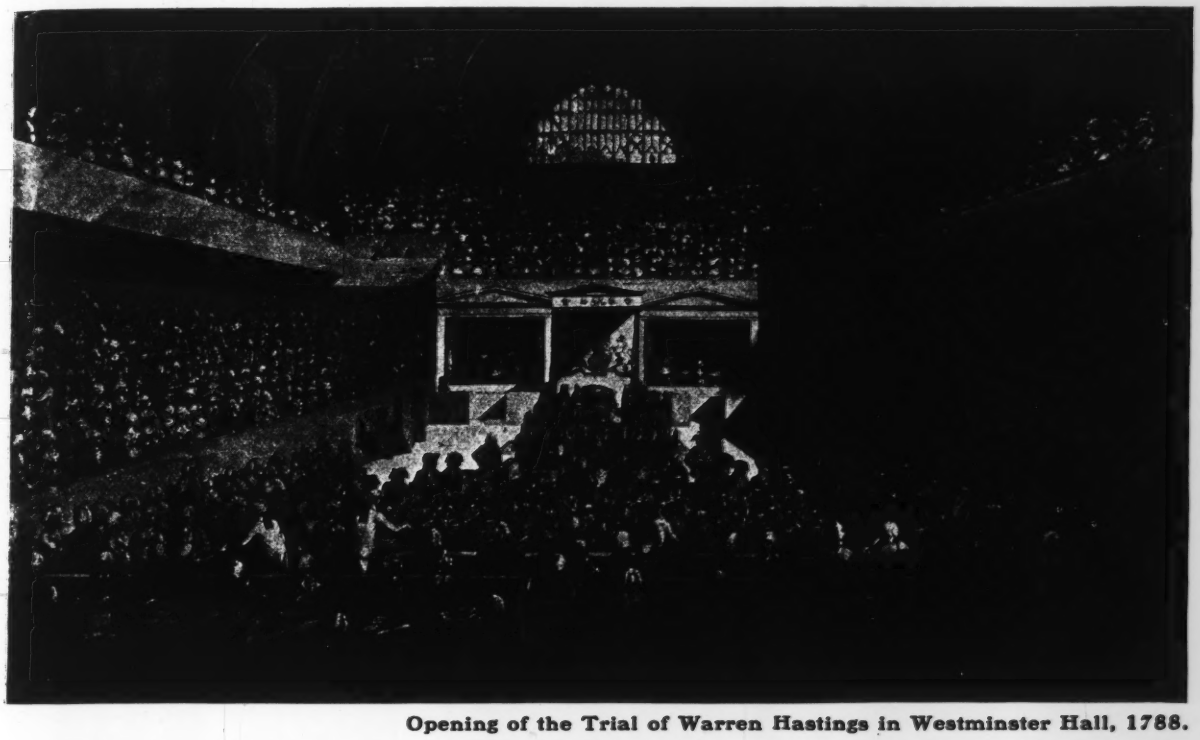
The transition was rapid. On October 29, 1779, "The Critic" was produced at Drury Lane, then under the management of the author; in the following September Sheridan entered the House of Commons as member for Stafford. His career as a politician brought him more renown than the production of his comedy, and it is too well known for more than a passing reference even a hundred years after his death. His speeches in the House of Commons made him a marked figure, his speeches in Westminster Hall gave him a world-wide reputation. Yet the whirligig of time brings revenge in its train, and as the years pass Sheridan the orator becomes a tradition, and Sheridan the playwright receives the full guerdon of his literary fame. It is Sheridan of the study rather than Sheridan of Westminster Palace before whom to-day we bow the knee, great orator though he was undoubtedly, and though the man himself thought more highly of his forensic laurels. "His heart stayed in the assembly of the nation," as Mr. Sichel puts it; "and to the last, like Congreve, he slighted his theatrical triumphs"—which only shows that even great men do not always justly estimate the value of their achievements.

Successful beyond all men since Shakespeare as a dramatist, and one of the most brilliant politicians of his day, second on his own side only to Charles James Fox, Sheridan found his Waterloo behind the colonnade of Carlton House. For the *rôle* of a Georgian buck he was not fully equipped. There weaknesses were strength, and strength weaknesses. His wit made him a delightful companion, according to Moore,

> "Whose mind was an essence compounded with art,
> From the first and the best of other men's powers,
> Who ruled like a wizard the world of the heart,
> And could call up its sunshine, or draw down its showers."

"The First Gentleman of Europe" could enjoy wit and conversational nimbleness, nor was he without appreciation of Sheridan's devotion in his later years to the bottle, of his extravagance and irresponsibility. These qualities were so much to Sheridan's credit at the court of the Heir-Apparent; but they were more than counterbalanced by such lamentable failings as poverty, independence, and loyalty. To be loyal to a party was in his Royal Highness's eyes a crime that nothing could excuse when he and the party were in conflict; and so

Sheridan's Home, 14, Savile Row.
Here Sheridan died in 1816.



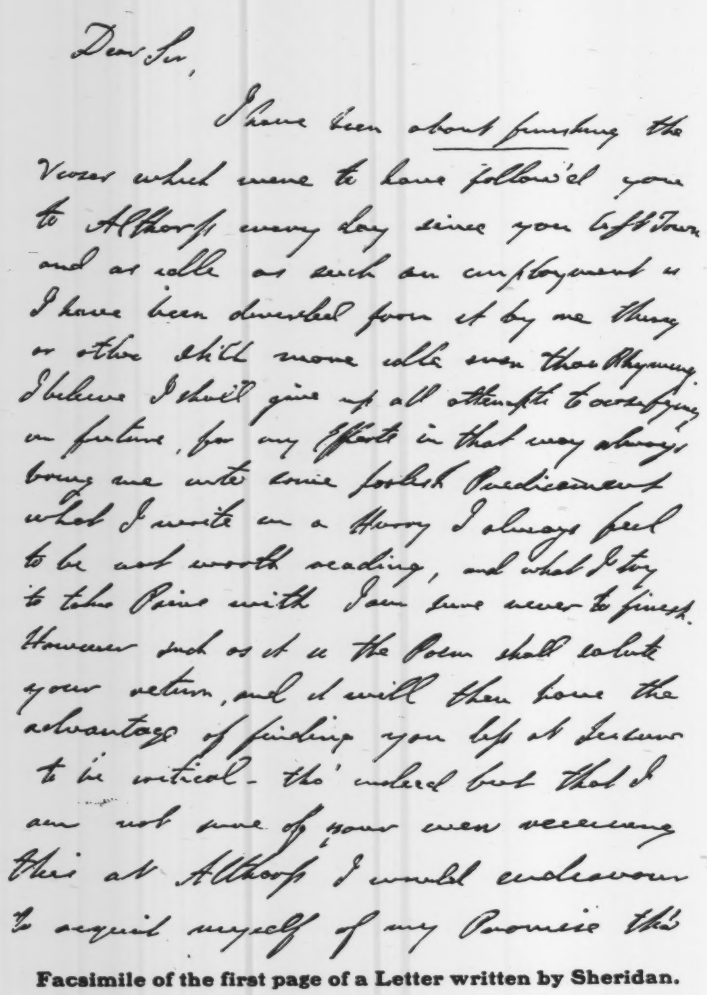
Opening of the Trial of Warren Hastings in Westminster Hall, 1788.

From an old engraving.

"Hastings had short shrift, but a long ordeal. It had employed some of the finest brains of his time. Burke, and Fox, and Grey highly distinguished themselves, but the supreme success was reserved for Sheridan, whose name abides more closely linked to the trial than any other."—From "Sheridan," by Walter Sichel. (Constable.)

Interior of the Old House of Commons in St. Stephen's Chapel, 1793.

William Pitt is here seen addressing the House. Among those present are Canning, Wilberforce, Sheridan, Erskine, and Charles James Fox.
From the painting by Karl Anton Hickel.



Dear Sir,

I have been about finishing the Verses which meane to have follow'd you to Althorp every day since you left Town and as idle as such an employment is I have been diverted from it by one thing or other still more idle even than Rhyming. I believe I shall give up all attempts to accompany on future, for my efforts in that way always bring me into some foolish Predicament what I write on a Horse I always feel to be most worth reading, and what I try to take Pains with I am sure never to finish. However such as it is the Poem shall salute your return, and it will then have the advantage of finishing you but at present to be critical - tho' indeed but that I am not sure of your even receiving this at Althorp I would endeavour to acquit myself of my Promise this

Facsimile of the first page of a Letter written by Sheridan.

it came to pass that Sheridan, who for years with heart and soul served his royal master, was in the end betrayed and cast aside by him, as was every one who could no longer render him service.

The account of the last years of Sheridan's life makes sad reading, and his reproachful appeal from a Cursitor Street spunging-house to Samuel Whitbread, a trustee of his marriage settlement and one of his partners in Drury Lane Theatre, is indeed piteous:

"Whitbread, putting all false professions of friendship and feeling out of the question, you have no right to keep me here! For it is in truth *your* act. If you had not forcibly withheld from me the *twelve thousand pounds* in consequence of a threatening letter from a miserable swindler whose claim you know *to be a lie*, I should at least have been out of the reach of *this* state of miserable insult—for that, and that only, lost me my seat in Parliament. And I assert that you cannot find a lawyer in the land that is not either a natural-born fool or a corrupted scoundrel who will not declare that your conduct in this respect was neither warrantable nor legal—but let that pass *for the present*. Independently of the £1,000 ignorantly withheld from me on the day of considering my last claim, I require of you to answer the draft I send herewith on the part of the Committee, pledging myself to prove to them on the first day I can *personally* meet them that there are still thousands on thousands due to me, both legally and equitably, from the theatre. My word ought to be taken on this subject, and you may produce to them this document, if one among them could think that under all the circumstances your conduct required a justification. O God! with what mad confidence have I trusted *your word!* I ask *justice* from you, and no *boon*. I enclosed you yesterday three different securities which, had you been disposed to have acted even as a private friend, would have made it *certain* that you might have done so *without the smallest risk*. These you discreetly offered to put into the fire when you found the object of your humane visit satisfied by seeing me safe in prison. I shall only add that I think, if I know myself, had our lots been reversed, and I had seen you in my situation, and had left Lady Elizabeth in that of my wife, I would have risked £600 rather than have left you so—although I had been in no way accessory in bringing you into that condition."

Could anything be more sad than that Sheridan should have been reduced to such a pass? That Sheridan was improvident and irresponsible must be frankly admitted, and that as manager of Drury Lane Theatre he was a square peg in a round hole cannot for an instant be denied, and in so far he all-unwittingly brought his troubles on his own head. Yet, extrava-

The Hustings in Covent Garden.

From a drawing by G. Schay.

"At a later election for Westminster, when the Whig cause was upheld by Sheridan, while the Tory candidate was one Paull, whose father had been a tailor, Cyrus Redding saw some men bringing upon their shoulders, from Drury Lane to the hustings here, a stage upon which four tailors were plying their needles, with a live goose and several large cabbages. This stage was borne close up to Paull amidst roars of laughter. A voter called out to Sheridan that he had always supported him, but should now, after such a disgraceful proceeding, withdraw his countenance from him. 'Take it away at once, take it away at once!' cried Sheridan; 'it is the most villainous-looking countenance I ever beheld.'"

From "London Town, Past and Present," by W. W. Hutchings. (Cassell.)

gant, improvident, and irresponsible, he did not greatly bungle his affairs, since he died three years later less than five thousand pounds in debt, during which last three years, owing to ill-health and misfortune, he had earned nothing at all. A friend or two might, then, without the outlay of a penny-piece at the time of his arrest, have set him on his feet—for the expenditure of the last three profitless years might well account for the five thousand pounds. Such friends, however, were not forthcoming, and though the man's fine spirit was never broken, and until the end he held his head high, yet his heart was sore within him and the bitterness took some hold of his gentle heart.

L'autobiographie c'est la vérité. A man's account of himself is generally better than any other man's account of him, for he is sure, consciously or unconsciously, to reveal the truth. Sheridan left no autobiography, but many of his letters have been preserved, and therein more surely than in another's record may be discerned the man in his habit as he lived. Therein we see him, proud, honest, noble, independent—his virtues far greater than his failings.

"'I have never done a base or dishonest act,' he wrote late in life to his second wife, 'I have never omitted to do a kind, a generous, or a benevolent one when I had the power. But sins of omission—ah, me !—senseless credulity, destructive procrastination, unworthy indolence, all abetted by one vile habit, somewhat, perhaps, to be palliated by an original infirmity of constitution—an occasional and unaccountable dejection of spirits without a cause, and a constant inability to sleep, but never to be excused.'"

Sheridan's Second Wife (Hester Jane Ogle) and her son.
After Hoppner.

Entrance to the Second Drury Lane Theatre, 1775.
Showing the "Adam" front facing Bridge Street. Sheridan became manager of Drury Lane in 1776, and "The School for Scandal" was originally produced there in 1777.

It may be taken as an axiom, however distressing it may be to have to subscribe to it, that the conditions under which a man does his work are those best suited to his genius; and therefore it behoves us not to cavil at the want of continuity in Sheridan's life. It is often said that if he had not abandoned playwriting at the age of eight-and-twenty, what a wonderful series of comedies he might have written; but as against this may be set forth the probability that if he had not exhausted this vein he would have undoubtedly continued in the paths of dramatic authorship. The man himself, better than another, knows when he has spent his gold; and anyhow, there can be no grievance against him who enriched the English theatre by "The Rivals" and "The School for Scandal."

More remarkable than Sheridan's versatility was his irresponsibility. He came to London practically penniless, and, with the wife he had won literally at the point of the sword, set up house, entertained lavishly, and lived in the lap of luxury on nothing a year, never doubting than he could make his name and, what at the moment was more important, pay his way. His faith in his abilities was justified from the first, and his powers as an entertainer universally admitted. After meeting Sheridan, Fox told Townshend that he thought Sheridan infinitely surpassed the wittiest men

he had ever met. "An evening at Sheridan's," he is reported to have said, "is worth a week's waiting for." Henceforth these two formed a mutual admiration society. "Sheridan told me next day," Townshend has written, "that he was quite lost in admiration of Fox, and that it was a puzzle to him to say what he admired most, his commanding superiority of talent and universal knowledge, or his playful fancy, artless manners, and benevolence of heart, which showed itself in every word he uttered."

"Rt. Hon. R. B. Sheridan."
Engraved by E. Scriven from an original miniature.

Though Sheridan had fallen upon evil days, deserted by the Regent, thrown over by his party, ignored by many who had been his friends, yet the report of his death did indeed eclipse the gaiety of nations, and those who had failed him in his need, too late repentant of their attitude, made what amends they could by following his corpse to its last resting-place in the Abbey—a tardy apology that roused generous-hearted Tom Moore to fury.

"Where were they, these Royal Noble persons, who now crowded to 'partake the gale' of Sheridan's glory; where were they all, while any life remained in him? (he cried bitterly). Where were they all, but a few weeks before, when their interposition might have saved his heart from breaking—or when the zeal, now wasted on the grave, might have soothed and comforted the death-bed? This is a subject on which it is difficult to speak with patience. If the man was unworthy of the commonest offices of humanity while he lived, why all this parade of regret and homage over his tomb?"

Many eulogies were pronounced upon Sheridan after he had gone to the unknown land, but the finest epitaph was uttered by Tom Creevey, who wrote simply: "There is no one to take the chair he leaves." Nearly one hundred years have passed, and Sheridan's chair is still empty.

THE CENTENARY OF SIR SAMUEL FERGUSON.

By Alfred Perceval Graves.

A MOST influential committee, representative of all creeds and parties in the north of Ireland, appointed after a town's meeting summoned by the Lord Mayor of Belfast, have decided to celebrate the centenary of the birth of Sir Samuel Ferguson, the famous Irish scholar, antiquary, and poet, in the terms of the following resolutions:

1. That a subscription list be forthwith opened to raise a suitable memorial to Sir Samuel Ferguson.

2. That the memorial should include the establishment of a Ferguson lectureship or a scholarship in Belfast and also the execution of a bust to be placed in Belfast Municipal Library.

The Centenary celebrations on March 10 next, to which some three hundred distinguished visitors will be invited, will consist of a reception by the Lord Mayor of Belfast, an exhibition of Ferguson memorials, including the MS. of such famous poems as "The Lament for Thomas Davis" and "The Welshmen of Tirawley," which Swinburne pronounced one of the finest ballads in the English language, the original letters of a group of Ferguson's distinguished literary friends such as "Christopher North," Aubrey de Vere, William Allingham, Dr. William, Dr. Whitley and Miss Margaret Stokes, the Bishop of Limerick, Dean Graves, General Chesney, the Blackwoods, and the Irish antiquaries O'Donovan, O'Curry, Gilbert and many others—portraits of these friends and of Ferguson himself, the casts of the Ogham inscriptions made by Ferguson with his own hands, and the beautiful sketches and drawings produced by him when following the track of Irish saints, missionaries, and scholars up and down the Continent.

A concert lecture, dealing with Ferguson as an Irish song-writer, and illustrated by the best settings of the Irish airs to which these songs were composed, will form part of the programme, with recitations of Ferguson's poems, and, it is to be hoped, a performance by the Ulster Literary Theatre of one of his heroic plays will complete the Centenary proceedings. There is also a movement on foot for making the writings of Sir Samuel Ferguson better known in the Irish schools, and it is not unlikely that a de luxe edition of his poetical and prose works in two volumes, illustrated by well-known Irish artists, may be produced in the course of the year. Moreover, the Irish Literary Society of London will give a Ferguson Centenary Entertainment on the evening of March 5, at which Ferguson's Poems will be recited by Miss Florence Farr, Miss Helen Mather, and Mr. Joseph Campbell, and his songs and others will be sung by Miss May Coleman, Miss Kemp, and Mr. Owen Colyer to the harp and piano settings of Miss Macdonald and Mrs. Milligan Fox.

Sir Samuel Ferguson, sixth and youngest child of John Ferguson and his wife, Agnes Knox, was born in Belfast on March 10, 1810.

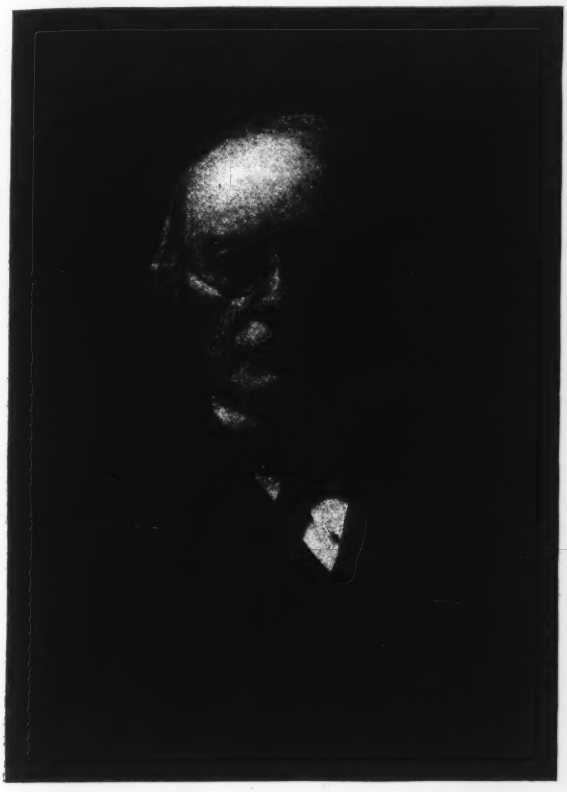
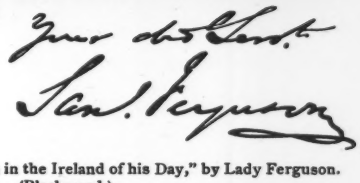


Photo by Chancellor, Dublin.



From "Sir Samuel Ferguson in the Ireland of his Day," by Lady Ferguson. (Blackwood.)

The Ferguson family had migrated to the north of Ireland from Scotland about the year 1640, and we find Samuel Ferguson, Sir Samuel's grandfather, resident at Standing Stone in the County of Antrim. The younger Samuel was educated at the Academical Institution at Belfast, and at Trinity College, Dublin. He was called to the Irish Bar in 1838, and to the inner Bar in 1859.

In 1867 he retired from the practice of his profession to become the first Deputy Keeper of the records of Ireland. He had married in 1848 Mary Catherine, eldest daughter of Robert R. Guiness, and soon settled permanently at 20, North Great George's Street, Dublin. In the same year he founded the Protestant Repeal Association to aid the Young Ireland movement, but subsequently withdrew entirely from active politics.

In 1865, after the publication of his "Lays of the Western Gael," he received the degree of LL.D. *honoris causa* from Dublin University, and in 1874 was made an honorary member of the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland. His knighthood was conferred on him in 1878. He was made President of the Royal Irish Academy in 1881, and at the tercentenary of the University of Edinburgh in 1884 he received the honorary degree of LL.D. He made his first appearance as an author under the auspices of *Blackwood's Magazine* with the "Forging of the Anchor," which appeared in the February number of *Blackwood* for the year 1832. It attracted the attention of Professor Wilson, who read it out to his literary coterie. "But is the 'Forging of the Anchor' your own, Kit?" asked Tickler, on hearing it. "I wish it were," was North's reply. "But the world will yet hear of the writer. Belfast gave him birth, and he bears the same name with a true poet of our own Scotland—Ferguson. 'Maga' will be proud of introducing him to the world." For exactly fifty years Ferguson continued to contribute to *Blackwood*, both in prose and verse, his most famous efforts being those two brilliant pieces of humour, "The Wet Wooing" and "Father Tom and the Pope," reprinted in "Tales from *Blackwood*," and pirated more than once in America. A little later, in the early 'thirties, he published "The Fairy Thorn," an exquisite piece of poetical wizardry, lately republished in Mr. Alfred Noyes's collection, "The Magic Casement." Then followed a series of verse translations from the Gaelic, and after them came a long series of Irish historic tales, "The Hibernian Nights' Entertainments," published in the *Dublin University Magazine*.

Overwrought at the Bar, he recruited his health on the Continent, employing much of his time in a diligent examination of museums, libraries, and architectural remains wherever traces of the early Irish scholars and missionaries might be looked for. His notebooks are in consequence enriched with exquisite sketches of scenery and antiquities and pen-and-ink sketches of foreign cathedrals.

Thus his travels added largely to his knowledge of

Royal Belfast Academical Institution.

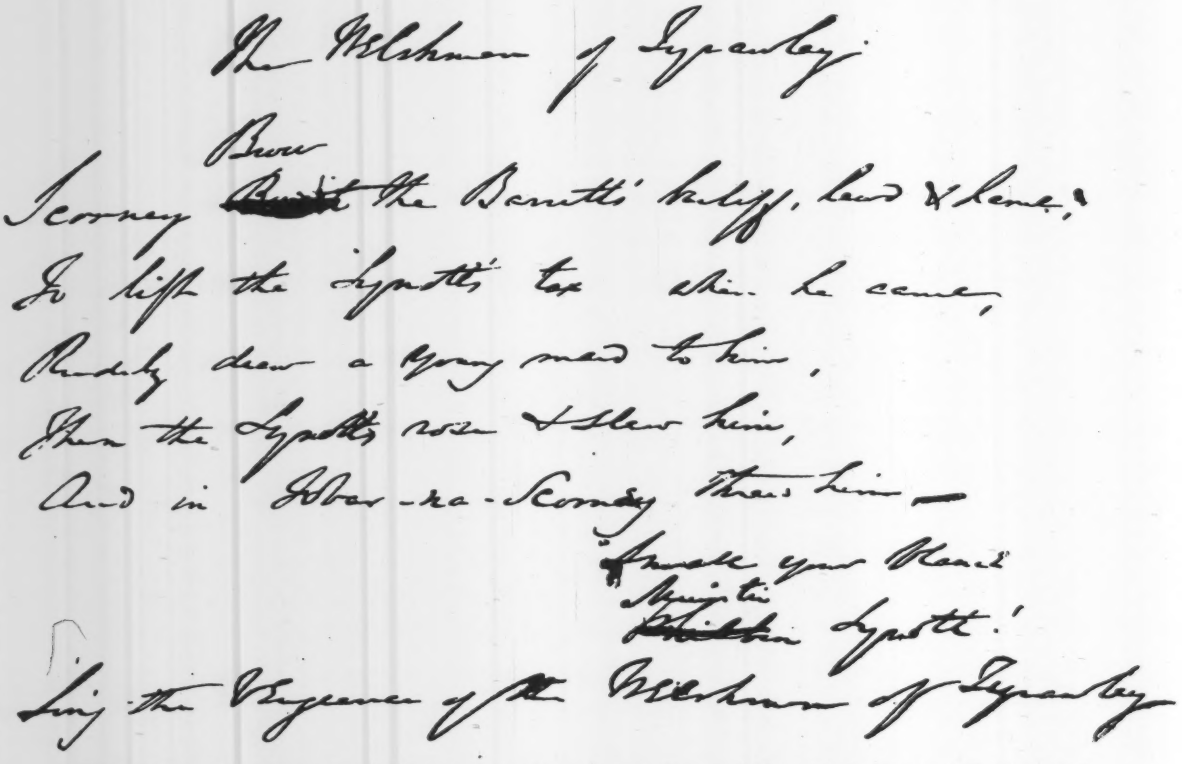
Where Sir Samuel Ferguson, Lord Kelvin, and many other distinguished Irishmen were educated.

Sir Samuel Ferguson.
From a drawing by Sir F. W. Burton.
From "Sir Samuel Ferguson in the Ireland of his Day," by Lady Ferguson. (Blackwood.)

art and history. In consequence he became a busy writer on archæological as well as literary questions, and as an evidence of the variety of his work at this time may be mentioned his famous *jeu d'esprit*, "Father Tom and the Pope," and his letter to Hallam the historian, which led to the erection of a statue in the new Houses of Parliament to Henri de Londres, Archbishop of London in the thirteenth century, whose just claim to that distinction would otherwise have been overlooked. Many of Ferguson's articles in magazines and reviews at the time deal with such general subjects as the poetry of Burns and of Mrs. Browning, Ruskin's "Stones of Venice" and "Seven Lamps of Architecture," Layard's "Nineveh" and Chesney's volume on Artillery. But the work which was distinctly his, and to which his best faculties were given, was concerned with Ireland and covered a wide field. For we find him dealing now with Irish music, now with Irish architecture; or again with Irish annals, Irish law, or Irish antiquities—Pagan and Christian—and yet attending to such subjects of modern importance as the attractions and capabilities of his country.

To these prose works he was meantime adding his "Lament for Thomas Davis" (communicated from his sick-bed to Charles Gavan Duffy, and certainly one of his finest efforts); his "Inheritor and Economist," a poem in imitation of the third satire of Juvenal. Then came "Dublin," another satire after Juvenal, his "Westminster Abbey" and his "Cromlech on Howth," otherwise "Aideen's Grave," exquisitely illustrated and illuminated from the Book of Kells by his friend Miss Margaret Stokes.

Ferguson then published his epic "Congal" (founded on the ancient bardic tale of the battle of Moy-Rath), which he himself considered his *magnum opus*, though



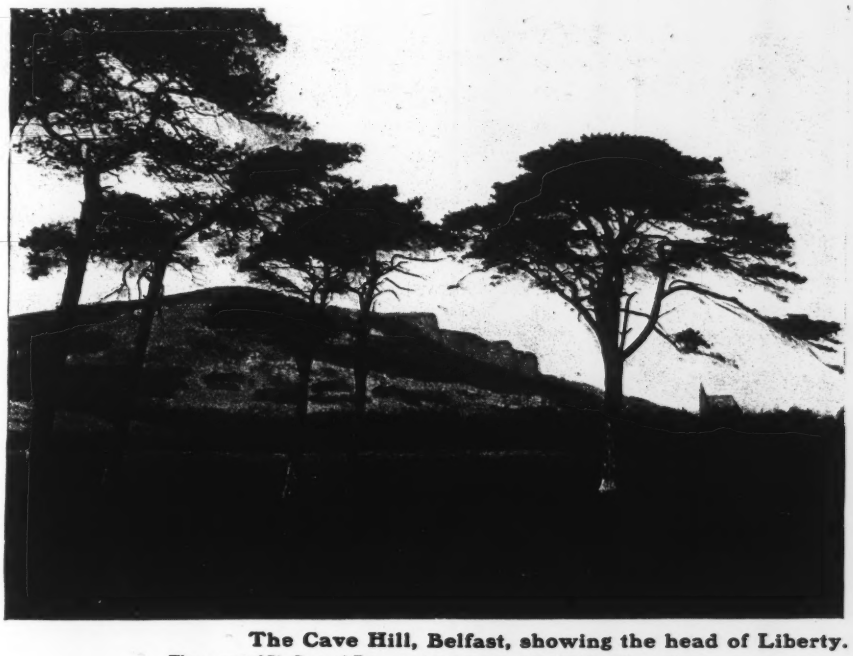
Facsimile of a Verse from Sir Samuel Ferguson's Poem, "The Welshmen of Tirawley."
Kindly lent by Miss Maive Stokes, the original MS. having been given to her father, Dr. Whitley Stokes, the famous Celtic scholar, by the author.

a subsequent volume of poems containing "Conary" and "Deirdré" and "The Naming of Cuchullin," and published in 1880, won warmer admiration from William Allingham and Mr. W. B. Yeats. Two posthumously published volumes of Ferguson's are "Ogham Inscriptions in Ireland, Wales, and Scotland," and the "Remains of St. Patrick," a verse rendering of the writings of Ireland's national saint. "Lays of the Red Branch," published after his death by Lady Ferguson, his devoted wife and partner in all his pursuits, is a collection from all the different volumes of her husband's poems which deal with the Connorian Cycle of Irish heroic literature, arranged in historical order and furnished with an historical introduction.

Sir Samuel Ferguson, after an illness of some months' duration—a failure of the heart's action—passed away on August 9, 1886, at Shand Lodge, Howth. His personal popularity, attested to by many friendships formed through life amongst old and young of every persuasion and party, was confirmed at his death by the commingling of all classes and creeds at his funeral as it passed to St. Patrick's Cathedral.

Mr. William Blackwood.

Founder of *Blackwood's Magazine*, and Editor at the time when Sir Samuel Ferguson made his chief contributions to it.
(By permission of Messrs. Blackwood.)



The Cave Hill, Belfast, showing the head of Liberty.
The scene of Sir Samuel Ferguson's best story, "Corby MacGilmore."

Ferguson was unquestionably the poet of the past century who has most powerfully influenced the literary history of his country. It was in his writings that the great work of restoring to Ireland the spiritual treasure it had lost in parting with the Gaelic tongue was decisively begun. As Mr. Yeats points out, "he was wiser than Young Ireland in the choice of his models, for while drawing not less than they from purely Irish sources, he turned to the great poets of the world for his style and notably to Homer," and the result, writes Roden Noel, is that "'Congal' and his shorter Irish heroic poems combine in a striking manner the vague undefined, shadowy grandeur, the supernatural glamour of Northern romance, with the self-restraint, distinct symmetrical outline, ordered proportion, and organic construction of the Greek classic." More than this, as Mr. Aubrey de Vere observes, "Its qualities are those characteristic of the noble, not the ignoble poetry—namely, passion, imagination, vigour, an epic largeness of conception, wide human sympathies, vivid and truthful description—while with them it unites none of the vulgar stimulants for exhausted or morbid poetic appetite, whether the epicurean seasoning, the sceptical, or the revolutionary."

A tendency to act at times as commentator on his own work and to present it at others in a too ponderously Latinised form are, with the careless, not to say bluff, disregard for verbal delicacies into which he now and again lapses, the only proclivities to which exception

Dunagor Church, Co. Antrim.

Where Sir Samuel and Lady Ferguson worshipped, and are buried.

can be taken in Ferguson's technique. But his method is uniformly manly, and his occasional periods of majestic inspiration sweep our minor critical objections before them, as the blast from his Mananan's mantle swept the hero and his hound into the valley, like leaves before the wind.

LAMENT FOR THOMAS DAVIS.

BY SIR SAMUEL FERGUSON.

I walked through Ballindery in the spring-time,
When the bud was on the tree;
And I said, in every fresh-ploughed field beholding
The sowers striding free,
Scattering broadcast forth the corn in golden plenty
On the quick seed-clasping soil,
"Even such, this day, among the fresh stirred hearts of Erin,
Thomas Davis, is thy toil!"

I sat by Ballyshannon in the summer,
And saw the salmon leap;
And I said as I beheld the gallant creatures
Spring glittering from the deep,
Through the spray and through the prone heaps striving onward
To the calm, clear streams above,
"So seekest thou thy native founts of freedom, Thomas Davis,
In thy brightness of strength and love!"

I stood on Derrybawn in the autumn,
And I heard the eagle call,
With a clangorous cry of wrath and lamentation
That filled the wide mountain hall,
O'er the bare deserted place of his plundered eyrie;
And I said, as he screamed and soared,
"So callest thou, thou wrathful-soaring Thomas Davis,
For a nation's rights restored!"

Young husbandman of Erin's fruitful seed-time,
In the fresh track of danger's plough!
Who will walk the heavy, toilsome, perilous furrow
Girt with freedom's seed-sheets now?
Who will banish with the wholesome crop of knowledge
The flaunting weed and the bitter thorn,
Now that thou thyself art but a seed for hopeful planting
Against the Resurrection morn?

Young salmon of the flood-tide of freedom
That swells round Erin's shore!
Thou wilt leap against their loud oppressive torrent
Of bigotry and hate no more;
Drawn downward by their prone material instinct,
Let them thunder on their rocks and foam—
Thou hast leapt, aspiring soul, to founts beyond their raging,
Where troubled waters never come!

But I grieve not, eagle of the empty eyrie,
That thy wrathful cry is still;
And that the songs alone of peaceful mourners
Are heard to-day on Erin's hill;
Better far, if brothers' war be destined for us
(God avert that horrid day I pray),
That, ere our hands be stained with slaughter fratricidal,
Thy warm heart should be cold in clay.

But my trust is strong in God, who made us brothers,
That he will not suffer those right hands,
Which thou hast joined in holier bands than wedlock,
To draw opposing brands.
Oh, many a tuneful tongue that thou mad'st vocal
Would lie cold and silent then;
And songless long once more, should oft-widowed Erin
Mourn the loss of her brave young men.

Oh, brave young men, my love, my pride, my promise.
'Tis on you my hopes are set,
In manliness, in kindness, in justice,
To make Erin a nation yet:
Self-respecting, self-relying, self-advancing,
In union or in severance free and strong—
And if God grant this, then under God, to Thomas Davis
Let the greater praise belong.

THE FORBIDDEN LAND.

By Archibald R. Colquhoun.

AS a rule the men who can do things cannot write about them and the men who can write are not equally good at deeds. Sir Sven Hedin,* as he must now be called, has a great advantage over the majority of explorers in possessing a pen which is his willing servant. He writes so easily, so naturally, and with such a naïve interest in the smallest incidents of his journeyings—the gambols of his dogs, the moods of his servants, or any of the trifles that make a variety in the monotony of travel—that one has a sensation of travelling with him on the long, long trail, through the dreary, eerie mountains and plains of Tibet. It cannot be conscientiously said that we enjoy every minute of the journey. At times the monotony and trifling character of the incidents which fill the day's diary are as wearisome to us as they must have been to the traveller. But one struggles on, just as he and his servants did, and the intense human interest with which he endows his followers, his pets, and the people he encounters cause us to feel towards them a sense of comradeship, so that we cannot desert them. The writer of this review confesses to having prolonged the sitting over Vol. II. to unreasonable hours in order to find out what became of Little Puppy, the offspring of Brown Puppy, who, after accompanying her master during eighteen months of travel, gets left behind and lost in Chap. LXII. No dog-lover can read unmoved the grievings of her master for his lost companion and friend. For a long time he was haunted by the idea of the restless shade of the lost, perhaps starving dog, following him about and whining for the help he could not give. The horses and mules too, patient victims on the shrine of man's ambition, are the subjects of painful interest to us as they were to the explorer.

"After a while we passed the valley junction and were again on the great caravan route, the road of dead horses. . . . What sufferings and what desperate struggles for life these dreary mountains must have witnessed in the course of time! Lying awake at night one fancies one hears the sighs of worn-out pack animals and their laboured breathing as they patiently go towards their end, and sees an endless parade of veterans condemned to die who can endure no more in the service of cruel man. . . . If any road in the world deserves the name 'Via Dolorosa,' it is the caravan road over the Karakorum Pass connecting Eastern Turkestan with India. Like an enormous 'bridge of sighs,' it spans with its airy arches the highest mountain-land of Asia and of the world."

"'Where are you going?' they asked me."
From "Trans-Himalaya," by Sven Hedin. (Macmillan.)

The human followers of Sven Hedin are as much the subjects of sympathetic interest as his four-footed servants, and it is in his essential humanity and patience, allied to an inflexible purpose, that lies the secret of his success. In 1897, when the writer of this review was living in Peking, he received a visit from the Swedish explorer who, starting from Orenburg, had then just traversed Northern Tibet on his way to the capital of China. He was about to return, partly to pick up one of his servants who had been left ill on the way, and the quiet confidence with which he spoke of retracing his steps was as striking as the contrast between his achievements and his appearance—a dapper

* "Trans-Himalaya." By Sven Hedin. 2 vols. 30s. net. (Macmillan.)

little man, with no sign of exceptional physical strength. In the two volumes before us we are immensely struck with the courage and devotion of his followers, and remember that a good master makes good servants. Sven Hedin inspires his men not only with trust but with affection, so that they will labour to the utmost to promote his plans.

His first design had been to enter Tibet from India, and as far as the Viceroy and the local government were concerned, he had no difficulty, but the Secretary of State for India had decided otherwise, so the frontier was sealed, and the explorer had to overcome his worst difficulties in getting a start at all. From Kashmir, with a surreptitiously collected caravan, he set out via Leh and Ladak, ostensibly to travel in Eastern Turkestan. Once out of touch with officialdom, however, he struck west across the Karakorum, with its tangle of mountains and lakes, and, reaching the great plains where are met the nomads in their black tents, then due south, he crossed his own tracks of a previous journey; and, reaching the valley of the Brahmaputra, visited Shigatse and spent some time at Tashi-lunpo, where the Tashi Lama, the greatest spiritual authority in Tibet after the Dalai Lama, received him with special kindness. The description of this Tibetan dignitary is very interesting, and his countenance in the photographs most prepossessing. After this rest in comparative civilisation, Sven Hedin struck west, chiefly along the course of the Brahmaputra, whose sources he located; and then from the birthplace of the Indus, which he discovered, after one excursion north-east, he crossed the Jukti-la pass and returned to Gartok, where he was once more in touch with the world outside Asia. Most men would have been satisfied with the work done, but not Sven Hedin, for there were still great gaps on the map which he had not succeeded in filling up.

Dismissing his old caravan, of which five four-legged animals and all the men save one survived, he got together, with the aid of a trader named Gulam Razul, a smaller and more compact party. Speed and secrecy were needed, and false reports of the direction to be taken were circulated. Thus equipped, they started off again, and disaster nearly overtook them in the snowy passes of the Karakorum, for the new caravan-leader provided provender for the supposed journey to Khotan only, and not for the much longer expedition, which would only bring them in touch with human beings again when they emerged once more on the Tibetan plateau. The plateau was crossed again, west of the first route, but in a parallel direction. The great range on the south, which Sven Hedin calls Trans-Himalaya, was again crossed and re-crossed, the explorer making a figure of eight with his track, and, finally returning once more to the sacred lake of Manasarowar, which plays a great part in the narrative, he worked his way along the Sutlej and ended at Poo, where were hospitable Moravian missionaries, whence the road lay open to India and home.

The geographical results of these extended journeys cannot be fully estimated from a popular description of them, such as is given in these volumes; but, roughly speaking, they have filled in, with considerable accuracy, a greater part of the space north of the Brahmaputra, which in the Royal Geographical Society's 1906 map of Tibet was marked "unexplored." Sven Hedin has the technical education which is necessary for geographical observation and he is untiring in his survey work, but to the mere mechanical task of measuring and computing he adds that of giving a pictorial representation of the country and its people, and succeeds admirably both in sketches and photographs. Indeed the former, although he claims no artistic merit for them, are not only interesting but are often remarkably accomplished, particularly when depicting architecture. In word-painting he is equally happy, and the description of Lake Manasarowar—that great turquoise set in snow—and of the night expedition he made on its surface, and the storm which overtook him, are passages which remain in one's memory as pictures of unusual beauty and strength.

Some geographers seem inclined to quarrel with Sven Hedin for the title he bestows alike on his book and on the range of mountains which he traversed in various directions and may certainly claim to have partially surveyed, though the word "discovered" is perhaps a little inaccurate since other travellers have crossed it. The indomitable Fathers Huc and Gabet, the travellers Calvert, Littledale, and Count de Lesdain, one Tibetan pundit and half a dozen Indians (notably Nain Singh in 1867 and 1873 and Khrishna in 1881) have traversed the regions, some of them being able to make a certain number of calculations and observations. Moreover, two Englishmen, Ryder and Wood, on their voyage up the Brahmaputra were able to take observations of some of the summits. The tracking of the sources of the Indus, the Brahmaputra, and the Sutlej is another interesting part of his work, though his detailed observation does not actually add much to geographical knowledge on these points. Finally, his whole expedition is to be regarded as exploration of the first class, carried out in the true scientific spirit, and resulting in none of those political disturbances which timid folk had seemed to fear, but rather in the establishment of cordial relations between the natives and the white man who represented Europe in their eyes. Sir Sven Hedin does not attempt to discuss the high political motives which keep Tibet still closed to European explorers, but he proves abundantly that Tibetans themselves have no prejudices, and that even Chinese officials are ready to close an eye if they can do so without danger to themselves. The fear of discovery and of being turned back, especially on the second journey when Sven Hedin travelled in disguise as a servant in the caravan, gives excitement to the narrative, and whether one is a serious geographer or a schoolboy this latest book on the forbidden land will keep one interested for many hours. It is well translated, excellently got up, and admirably illustrated, but the maps are rather too localised for the ordinary reader.

New Books.

NAPOLEON'S LAST DAYS.*

These laureate books, "crowned by the French Academy," always attract but do not always satisfy. Let me suggest as a motto for the present one, which is nothing less than an autopsy or dissection of the great Emperor, two lines from Juvenal's satires:

> "Expende Hannibalem; quot libras in duce summo
> Invenies? Hic est quem non capit Africa."

Weigh the marvellous little Corsican; find out how many kilogrammes will just turn the scale against him whom Africa could not contain. Do yet more. With a Hamlet-like persistency in tracking down imperial men to dust and after, lay bare in the sight of vulgar modern French readers the thing which was left when the surgeons had used their knives upon this dead hero. I am not blaming them. But shall there never be a limit to the foul curiosity which is now rapidly usurping the place of literature and science? The age of chivalry is gone long ago; and now reverence for humanity itself is taking flight. Why drag these official reports from secret archives and scatter them on the pavement? It is desecration.

So I cannot but think; therefore I have no intention of commending for general study this collection of sordid and in the end most unpleasant details, especially since they add nothing essential to what we have already learnt concerning that dismal fifth act of Napoleon's tragedy. How much better if some gifted French poet would lift the legend of Prometheus-Bonaparte on his rock in mid-Atlantic to the heights, fixing it in superb and melancholy verses! Then the whole world would be touched once more by "the sense of tears in mortal things"; for we could not help pitying the one titanic figure who stands above our era of revolutions, alone in his grand imaginations, his marble beauty, his strength, his charm, his crimes, his punishment. But no, the Rostands of our time have not done it, will not do it. Among the French whom he "loved so well," Napoleon had fierce enemies; he would not have discovered one soul that was indifferent. Under the Third Republic, despite an occasional thrill, as when "L'Aiglon" appeared, his legend is dying. The new democracy wants as few heroes as possible; it demands peace at any price. Napoleon, wrapt in his soldier's cloak, sleeps beneath the dome of the Invalides. And M. Urbain Gohier starts a long anti-militarist campaign by writing "The Army against the Nation." That old conquering people, the Franks, who fought so splendidly whether for God or Devil, seems transformed if not, in the main, extinct.

Dilettanti, of course, will add this volume to their Napoleon library. Expert students will glean from its chaff a grain here and there—trifles about the bad manners of Hudson Lowe, the farming exploits of General Pine Coffin, the furniture and wall-papers of Longwood, the quarrels which were continually breaking out between the Emperor's attendants, the cost of his table, and the dishes that he affected. None of all this mattered greatly. When Prometheus landed on his rock he was doomed. True, the something which makes Englishmen hated by foreigners, and which led Goethe to call them pedants, their red tape, their lack of a finer sense in certain situations, has given the most illustrious prisoner they ever held an advantage over them which, if I were English, would bring the hot blood to my face in reading this gaol-diary. All along England's officials, with rare and honourable exceptions, were as stupid as they were mean. To these Liliputians the Emperor was only General Bonaparte; his sufferings were put on, his attitude was theatrical. Step by step their frightened or perverse regulations banished him within an ever-lessening circle until he became a prisoner in his unhealthy rooms, without a physician he trusted or space in which to turn round. He underwent in mind and body the *peine forte et dure* of a system which may be compared to the frightful African torment of being devoured alive by ants. Yet the London Government did not mean to be cruel, except as dull mediocrity is always cruel, for lack of understanding. Had Napoleon been tried, let us say for detaining English travellers, against the laws of all nations, in France when he broke the Peace

* "The Drama of St. Helena." By Paul Frémeaux. Translated by Alfred Rieu, B.A., and the Author. (Melrose.)

Napoleon's Funeral Cortège, May 9, 1821.
From an old print.
From "The Drama of St. Helena," by Paul Frémeaux. (Melrose.)

of Amiens—tried, convicted, and executed, he would have met his deserts; and who could condemn the British rulers for so handling a brigand-chief? But the drama of St. Helena is ignominious—an everlasting shame. And that M. Frémeaux so construes it cannot surprise any one who has gone over the squalid particulars or mastered even their outline.

But still I question if there was need of a fresh book on the subject, unless thereby some sensible addition should be made to our knowledge. Assuredly I do not judge the author to be what is ridiculously styled an "Anglophobe." He is too good an English scholar to feel the touch of hatred when this country is mentioned. Lord Rosebery has proved by his own example that a Briton may do justice to Napoleon, and may admit the ignoble character of his imprisonment at St. Helena, without ceasing to be a patriot. To me it seems clear that M. Frémeaux has made his contention good in all essential details. He has, however, dealt with his hero as Southern peoples deal with their saints, handling the dead too rudely. Reverence and reticence are laws of human conduct even for biographers, and I should like this volume well enough had it been printed with the needful omissions.

WILLIAM BARRY.

MEREDITH'S POEMS.*

It is only just that any discussion of this volume should be prefaced by the reminder that Meredith himself, in his life-time, dismissed the whole of its contents as unworthy of republication. And, even without fully endorsing that view, we do well to remember the identity of the poet who made that decision with the critic who, in *The Fortnightly* of 1842, wrote:

"A large and noble theme has a frame-work that yields as much support as it demands. Lyrics yield none; and when they are not spontaneous they rob us of a great deal of our strength and sincerity. If they are true things, coming of a man's soul, they are so much taken from him; if they are the reverse they hurry him. There should be no such thing as the habit of lyrical composition. . . . It is from observation and meditation that poetry gets sinew and substance, and the practice of observing and meditating soon tames in poets the disposition to pour out verses profusely."

Now, though there were not a great many verses in the volume of 1851 ("Poems Written in Early Youth" consists of three sections—"Poems of 1851," "Poems from Modern Love of 1862," and "Scattered Poems," reprinted from magazines), what there are are of a kind which inevitably suggest as their background a vast experimental output consigned to the flames. And this, not because what is elected for publication is rare and consummate, but because so very largely it is experimental and derivative. Both Kingsley and Rossetti in their reviews at the time spoke of the young author as under the influence of Keats, though this particular connection does not seem to amount to much more than Meredith's adoption of faulty expressions like "bloomy" and "seemingness." But the volume has stanzas and poems that are almost pure Wordsworth; the observer of nature in "The South-West Wind in the Woodland" is promised:

> "More knowledge of her secret, more
> Delight in her beneficence,
> Than hours of musing, or the lore
> That lives with men could ever give,"

and such songs as "When I would Image" are transcriptions of Heine. Byron and Shelley are present too and, inevitably, Goethe. But perhaps most interesting of all is the Blake in the "Pastorals," and peculiarly in "London by Lamplight"—its cadences as well as its images and its theme:

> "But woe is many a passer-by
> Who as he goes turns half an eye,
> To see the human form divine
> Thus Circe-wise changed into swine!
> . . . . . .
> The stygian darkness reigns within,
> The river of death from the founts of sin,
> And one prophetic water rolls
> Its gas-lit surface for their souls."

The close interweaving of Meredith's novels and poems has never yet been tracked as it should. Can there be doubt that "Love in the Valley"—this shorter and, to my mind, much more spontaneous and lyrical version—was written by Richard for Lucy? and, though the writer of it was but twenty-three, his attitude in "London by Lamplight" is already that of the creator of Dahlia and Nesta.

The "Pastorals," with which was included the original eleven-stanzaed version of "Love in the Valley" already referred to, are far the most notable portion of the "Poems of 1851"; these are what Charles Kingsley pronounced them, "Honest landscape painting . . . have the living seed of poetry, certain to grow and develop." But it should fairly be acknowledged that amongst the poems of this earliest volume are some astonishing productions, and perhaps the most astonishing of all is "The Two Blackbirds," which it is really difficult not to think of as written by an older Meredith turning on and parodying his own ideas! The tale is of a caged black-bird daily fed and consoled by a free one whose mate has been shot. The two blackbirds' sympathy in suffering and the devotion of the uncaged bird are dilated on, and then we are given:

> "And shall I say, till weak with age,
> Down from its drowsy branch it drops,
> It will not leave that captive cage,
> Nor cease its busy searching hops?
>
> "Ah, no! the moral will not strain;
> Another sense will make it range,
> Another mate will soothe its pain,
> Another season work a change.
>
> "But through the live-long summer, tried,
> A pure devotion we may see;
> The ebb and flow of Nature's tide;
> A self-forgetful sympathy."

For the lover of Meredith this pre-natal conception of the "stern exact" substituting itself for the pseudo-poetic may have a certain historical value; to introduce it to the world at large is to court ribaldry. "And shall I say" reads like an anticipation of Lewis Carroll!

Of the "Poems of 1862" our first and last impression is astonishment that a volume which contained "Modern Love" and the "Ode to the Spirit of Earth in Autumn" could have included "Grandfather Bridgeman" and "The Doe." So great and so high is the poetry of certain passages of "The Ode" that we necessarily cavil at its author's decision not to reprint it, till we realise the grounds of that decision. In this, as in everything else in his maturer years, Meredith is primarily a moralist. All the splendours of the poem failed in their appeal against his dismissal of what he felt inadequate in its expression of the central conviction of his life. For this reason we choose to extract a descriptive, and not the often-quoted philosophical, passage. Before a night of wild storm and revel in the forest the wind is sounding its notes in various trees:

> "Here stood a solitary beech,
> That gave its gold with open hand,
> And all its branches, toning chill,
> Did seem to shut their teeth right fast,
> To shriek more mercilessly shrill,
> And match the fierceness of the blast.
> But heard I a slow swell that noised
> Of far-off ocean, I was 'ware
> Of pines upon their wide roots poised,
> Whom never madness in the air
> Can draw to more than loftier stress
> Of mournfulness, not mournfulness,
> Not mournfulness, but Joy's excess,

* "Poems Written in Early Youth." By George Meredith. 6s. net. (Constable.)

That singing, on the lap of Sorrow faints:
And Peace as in the hearts of saints
Who chant unto the Lord their God;
Deep Peace below upon the muffled sod,
The stillness of the sea's unswaying floor."

True criticism needs must note "Who chant unto the Lord their God" as an expression foreign to its context—too facile for the plane of feeling where it is introduced—yet to say this is after all but to pay a tribute to Meredith's work, to apply to it that standard of spiritual reality which is his gift to us and our literature.

There are many misprints in the volume. And *when*, we wonder, is an edition of Meredith's works to appear which shall clear so much of the accusation of obscurity from his fame—obscurity due so largely to the mistaken and misleading punctuation of the present editions?

M. STURGE HENDERSON.

GOOD SAMARITAN SKENE.*

Another book on Scott! Following Mrs. MacCunn's "Sir Walter Scott's Friends" so recently reviewed in these pages, it is pleasant to welcome the present volume, which is devoted entirely to one of the best and staunchest of the friends of Scott—James Skene. The Skenes of Rubislaw, who have for centuries been a prominent Aberdeenshire family, are a branch of the family of Skene of Skene, the present head of which is the Duke of Fife, whose ancestor married the heiress of Skene, and was created Baron Skene of Skene, a title now borne by his Grace of Fife. James Skene's mother was a Moir of Stoneywood, the family whose fortunes are told in Dr. "Rab" Brown's "Jacobite Family." At the age of sixteen, Skene became Laird of Rubislaw, was called to the Bar in the same year as Scott (he was Scott's junior by about four years), and, like Scott, indulged in German studies during his early manhood. Indeed it was this taste for German literature and language which drew the twain together and sealed their life-long friendship. Skene was probably the dearest of all Scott's friends. They knew one another through and through for five-and-thirty years, sharing each other's joys and sorrows, each other's successes and reverses. For thirty-two years Skene survived the companion of the most treasured and memorable hours of his life.

To have been minus the record of a comradeship so beautiful, so inspiring, would be a great literary blank. Fortunately, among the Skene Papers, a collection of MSS. upon various subjects, in the possession of James Skene's great-grandson, there has been preserved the whole story of the writer's intimacy with Scott. Lockhart, to be sure, enjoyed the use of this volume of recollections while his great biography was on the stocks, and he quotes from it freely. The manuscript was also lent to Mr. David Douglas, editor of the "Journal" and the "Letters," and in the latter compilation a considerable portion of the correspondence has been given to the public. But it makes a difference to be able to follow the narrative consecutively as, happily, is now the case. There is little that is new, perhaps; yet somehow the story of Sir Walter is ever the most fresh and the most fascinating among literary biographies. One is constantly stumbling on some hitherto half-forgotten or less-emphasised fact. And there are touches in the present volume which set Scott in the most charming and kindly light, and that bind the heart even more closely to one who was certainly the most marvellous man of his day.

The Skene Papers throw some light on the localities of the novels. Skene was an exceedingly able artist. According to Scott, he was "the first amateur draughtsman in Scotland." In the year 1829 there appeared twenty numbers of a publication designed to describe the "existing localities alluded to in the Waverley Novels," and the remainder of the work, which was not further proceeded with, is still in manuscript with all the original drawings inserted. No one doubts that many of the names of places familiar to readers of the Waverleys are only, as Scott himself confessed, *vor et præterea nihil*. But that probably the vast majority of his scenes were painted from actual localities is apparent from Skene's statements, and from the imprimatur which Scott put upon Skene's work. In the composition of "Anne of Geierstein," for instance, the complete topographical details were furnished by Skene. It is interesting to note, too, how for the sake of some of Skene's suggestions the already printed volume of the novel was suppressed, and the tale re-adjusted. The wanderings of the hero in "Quentin Durward," in places with which Sir Walter was personally unacquainted, were borrowed from Skene's travelling memoranda (still unpublished); and there seems no reason to question the genesis of "Ivanhoe" as being due absolutely to the Laird of Rubislaw. Many incidents in the Waverleys were drawn from Skene's narration of adventures which had happened both to himself and friends, and over and over again Skene was not only a sort of provider, but also chief counsellor to the Author of Waverley.

The letters that are here published for the first time form remarkable evidence of the undying love these two men yielded one to another. Scott received the final news of his bankruptcy on the evening of January 16, 1826. Next morning Skene, at Scott's request, called early at Castle Street. Scott, who was writing in his study, rose and said, "My friend, give me a shake of your hand—mine is that of a beggar." And through all the dark days that followed, there is nothing more worthy or more refreshing than Scott's constant expressions of gratitude and goodwill towards this most genuine of all his friends.

It is Scott who, in the "Journal," speaks of "good Samaritan Skene." One wonders what Scott would have done without James Skene! Who can doubt that the sympathy and the helpfulness of this truly devoted neighbour enabled Scott to master many of those trials which threatened to engulf him? Of literary ghost stories, one of the finest has been told by Skene's daughter, Miss Felicia Skene, authoress of "A Strange Inheritance":

"A few days before my father's death, when, despite his ninety years, his memory and intelligence seemed as bright as ever, I found him one autumn evening almost transfigured by an expression of the most radiant delight. The moment I came in he turned to me and told me that he had just experienced an inexpressible joy; he had just seen dear Scott again! He had walked into the room quite suddenly, and told him that he had come from a very long distance to visit him. Then my father described his unchanged appearance, and how he had sat down on the other side of the hearth. 'It has been such a joyful meeting, but dear Scott did not stay very long.' This account was so detailed and clear that I almost felt as if I had myself seen what he described."

It should be stated that the volume is edited by Basil Thomson, whose grandfather was the third son of James Skene.

W. S. CROCKETT.

* "The Skene Papers: Memories of Sir Walter Scott." By James Skene. Edited by Basil Thomson. 7s. 6d. net. (John Murray.)

MR. DE MORGAN'S NEW NOVEL.*

Macaulay, it will be remembered, opens his essay upon "Burleigh and his Times" by saying that the work of Dr. Nares (which he was reviewing) filled him with astonishment similar to that which Captain Lemuel Gulliver felt when he first landed in Brobdingnag and saw corn as high as the oaks in the New Forest, thimbles as large

* "It Never Can Happen Again." By William de Morgan. 2 vols. 10s. net. (Heinemann.)

as buckets, and wrens of the bulk of turkeys. The circumstances attendant upon the publication of Mr. de Morgan's latest novel inevitably compel some similar reference to the generous scale upon which his book has been conceived. But the reference is made in no carping spirit. It is a real pleasure to find an author who is not in a hurry, and is content to make his points clearly. Now that I have read through the story I can dismiss all thoughts as to the number of thousand words of which it is composed, and I look back upon it with the same pleasure with which I look back upon a conversation with that vanishing type of the elderly gentleman who takes you by the hand and retains it gently, but firmly, whilst he delights you with his deliberate, kindly, worldly-wise and humorous reflections.

But if Mr. de Morgan is gloriously old-fashioned in his method of telling a story, he is always pre-eminently up-to-date in his incidents. The central theme of "It Never Can Happen Again" is the passing of the Deceased Wife's Sister Bill. Alfred Challis, a successful author, who thoroughly justifies the characteristic ascribed to him of never squandering in conversation any good idea which will make "copy," has married the half-sister of his first wife; and consequently, whilst Challis himself is welcomed in Society, Marianne, an uninteresting lady of distinctly anæmic personality, is regarded as "impossible." One of the swell houses at which Challis visits is Royd Hall, where he rapidly falls in love with the handsome Judith Arkroyd. Judith's younger sister, Sibyl, is on the point of successfully engineering some high-faluting scheme of Social Reform, and so Judith, not to be outdone, determines to go upon the stage, and thinks to find in Challis, who is writing a play, a convenient instrument for her ambition. At first there is really nothing at all to be alarmed about in the relations between Challis and Judith, but the idiotic Marianne, egged on by the mischief-making Mrs. Eldridge (an excellent character), runs away with her children to her mother, and so brings on a crisis. Unexpected developments with regard to the Bill drive Challis and Judith, an egregiously staid and unromantic pair of lovers, into an elopement, and only a motor-accident prevents their marriage. Challis, on regaining consciousness, also recovers his senses in every meaning of the phrase. He finds that he is really in love with Marianne; and, since it also transpires that Challis's first wife was not legally married to him, Marianne is, after all, and quite apart from the retrospective nature of the Deceased Wife's Sister Bill, established as Challis's real wife. This double-barrelled triumph is, perhaps, somewhat unnecessarily complicated to follow. But at any rate the tendency to heaviness in these chapters is relieved by an admirable touch of Nemesis in the way in which Judith, who had begun the flirtation in a thoroughly heartless fashion, ends by falling genuinely in love with Challis, and has to go to the length of becoming a "fizzing Duchess" before her wounded feelings are adequately salved.

In addition to this main theme, there is also an underplot which describes the conditions of London slums, and in particular tells of the pathetic lives and mutual affection of Lizarann and her blind father, Jim, a creation not unworthy to stand beside Joe Gargery, with whom he has certain qualities in common. The way in which these two contrasted sections of Society are correlated is not, it must be confessed, very skilful. Taken by itself, each is admirable, but combined as they are, they overload Mr. de Morgan's story and unduly retard the action of the whole. Overcrowding his canvas with figures is, in fact, Mr. de Morgan's chief fault, and this is the more to be regretted that his characters are so uniformly good. Mrs. Steptoe, for example, who is Lizarann's aunt, and becomes the Challises' cook, is a capital study. Mrs. Eldridge, the prurient busy-body to whom "the mention of a lady and gentleman, as such, and such only, was as the sound of battle to the war-horse," is also first-rate, and makes a fine foil to the muscular Christianity of the breezy, wholesome Athelstan Taylor, than whom our fiction can show few more human parsons.

M. H. H. MACARTNEY.

THE REAL "NEAR" EAST.*

In a long and interesting introduction to her book, "The Soul of a Turk," Mrs. Victoria de Bunsen modestly writes: "None of my journeys have been undertaken with the object of collecting information about anything in particular." It is possibly because of this that she has written an exceedingly entertaining and thoughtful volume concerning various phases of Turkish life, and the places and things she has seen.

In the introduction she writes:

> "Once we get down to the roots of our life, the elemental feelings and aspirations, we are on common ground. . . . It is the superficial that makes the barriers. Different civilisations, different official religious systems, different forms of government, alienate and divide; the bed-rock of our life, be it physical or spiritual, unites."

This is aptly put, and forms the undercurrent not only of Mrs. Bunsen's personal observation, but of the remarkably interesting chapters of her valuable book.

One feels whilst reading her pages that she has by reason of singular sympathy and rare opportunity approached very nearly to the heart of things which lie hidden from most Western eyes beneath the mystery of Eastern life. Very truly she points out in a brief phrase one or two of the essential differences between the villages of Turkey-in-Europe and those of Turkey-in-Asia, which to most Westerns would appear the same thing. "Yeni-keiu," she says, "was like all Turkish villages, distinctive amongst their Christian neighbours for dirt and untidiness. . . . Far different are the Turkish villages of Asia Minor. There the *oda*, or guest-room, is always clean and hospitable; the fare simple but abundant; and the men courteous and kind."

The attitude of the Turkish men towards the ladies who had come thus amongst them is amusingly and very truly put. Of these men—

> "They are not shy," says the author, "but they are deeply mystified, and they want to discuss you amongst themselves before you interfere with incredible explanations. Men we cannot be; our voices deny that. Women we certainly are not. The idea is laughable. Do women travel thus, without their lords, unveiled, unprotected, with their heads in the air? Do men fly at their bidding, as these soldiers (the escort) do, and even this lordly Turk? . . . What are we, then? I have heard the question discussed. Something more powerful than a man, something more uncanny than a woman. . . ."

The ultimate verdict of the soldiers was that the authoress and her companion came "from a land where the women rule the men, where even the Padisha is a woman." In fact, from the Paradise of Suffragettes!

Amongst many interesting sidelights which Mrs. Bunsen throws upon the modern Turk is one worth noting, regarding the late Sultan's ideas of reform. After the massacres which had horrified and caused the intervention of the European Powers, there came the appointment of Muavin or Vice-Governors who were Christians.

"Europe," says the writer, "with her usual credulity, believed that the Christians of the various places would by this means be in a measure protected, and kept in closer touch with the Government," and thus get grievances aired and redressed. But this was only a device of Abdul Hamid to hoodwink the protesting Powers. By the appointment of, say, a Gregorian Vice-Governor over a town of Protestant Christians, or a Catholic over one where the Greek Christians predominated, he made use

* "The Soul of a Turk." By Victoria de Bunsen. Illustrated. 10s. 6d. net. (John Lane.)

of the well-known dissensions of his Christian subjects to defeat the intention of the Powers, reckoning (in many cases accurately) that these differences and the hatred existing between the sects would prevent the Catholic aiding the Greeks, the Gregorian the Protestants. The wily scheme undoubtedly worked. It was a thing like this that made such "reforms" as Abdul Hamid and his predecessors were willing to grant under pressure mere mockeries.

This is a delightful, as it is an unconventional, record of travel; but it is more than that. It is an illuminating account of out-of-the-way places, customs and types seen with an eye for the picturesque, and a desire for the essential. I scarcely know what chapters to select for special praise; but the one which gives the title to the volume, "On the Tigris," "The Mosque and the Sacred Cave," and "Jesus" are all admirable.

CLIVE HOLLAND.

THE LAUREATE'S PROSE.*

Most of even those who do not praise the Laureate's poetry have nothing but praise for his prose. "The Garden that I Love," "In Veronica's Garden," and the other books he has written in that vein have assuredly given him a place among the few essayists of our day who will be read again to-morrow and the day after. He has no prettinesses of style, no preciosities, but writes a good, clear, vigorous English that is always dignified, unaffected, adequate; above all, he really has something to say—something to which he has given thought, and concerning which he has arrived at very definite conclusions. You do not invariably agree with him; having made up his mind, he is apt to be somewhat dogmatic; but that is precisely one of the charms of the "prose papers on poetry" in this new volume—they rouse a spirit of opposition in you by their emphatic and close-reasoned arguments against certain received opinions, they incite you to a reconsideration of questions you had perhaps too easily taken for settled, and sometimes bring you to a realisation that you have hitherto been answering them wrongly. Albeit there are points on which Mr. Austin is too sure that he is right.

For instance, he lays it down, in his dedicatory note to Sir Alfred Lyall, that "no verse which is unmusical or obscure can be regarded as Poetry, whatever other qualities it may possess," and in his first essay here, on "The Essentials of Great Poetry," he says that "no poet of much account is ever obscure, unless the text happens to be corrupt." This leaves a good deal of Blake's work out in the cold, and some of Donne's. Who will say he has read "The Book of Thel" and not found it impenetrably obscure? But who can say he has read it and been persuaded by it that Blake was no poet? After all, too, a diamond is not the less a diamond because it is unpolished. Poetry would be the poorer lacking some of Donne's rough, rich imaginings, and one gets more meanings out of Blake's misty passages of dim, imaginative beauty than ever could be uttered in plain words.

Then, again, you do not readily assent to Mr. Austin's dictum when he says, "There is in our language only one lyrical poem that can compare for the first place in Lyrical Poetry with Spenser's 'Epithalamion,'" and that poem is Byron's "Isles of Greece." For much of Byron's lyric is fine rhetoric rather than poetry, and Spenser's "Epithalamion," lovely as it still remains, comes to us with not a little taken from it in the passing of the years. The magic has gone out of some of its phrases since they have become

* "The Bridling of Pegasus." By Alfred Austin. 7s. 6d. net. (Macmillan.)

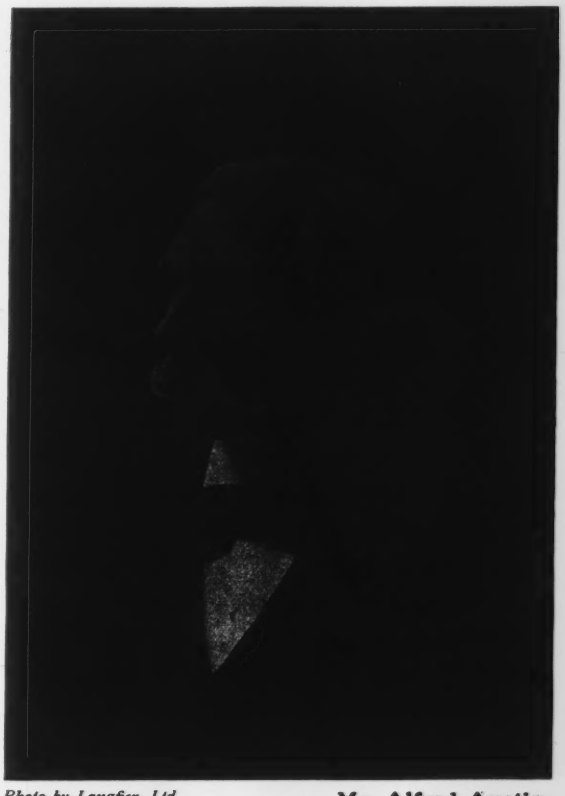


Photo by Langfier, Ltd., 23a, Old Bond Street, W.

Mr. Alfred Austin.

conventionalised; even its slightly varying refrain jars upon you with a touch of too-formal artifice:

> "The whiles do ye this song unto her sing,
> The woods shall to you answer and your echo ring."

There is nothing to be gained by comparing beauty grown old with beauty that is still young: the new belle of the new season does not enter into actual rivalry with her grandmother—her beauty may be more or less or merely of a different type; the most you can safely say is that you do not think she is so beautiful as her grandmother was when she was young. I am not insensible to the charm nor blind to the splendours of that great lyric of Spenser's; I know that when you have steeped yourself in his spirit, and become so absorbed into the world and atmosphere of his work that his way of thought and manner of speech seem as your own, it is hard to believe there is poetry more wonderful than his: but when you have escaped from under its spell and are back in your own age and able to measure him with other poets impartially, your judgment corrects your enthusiasm. There is no lyric that can be said to be the greatest lyric in the language, but there are several each of which may be greatest in its kind.

Mr. Austin has some suggestive things to say about the decay of "authority" in literature, and to this decay of authority, to the "perpetual reading of novels of every kind," to the increase of feminine influence and activity alike in society and literature, and to "the febrile quality of contemporaneous existence," he largely attributes our latter-day degeneracy in poetry, in politics, and in life as a whole:

> "I should like to say, incidentally, and I hope I may do so without giving offence, that I have sometimes thought that, in an age much given to theorising and to considering itself more 'scientific' than perhaps it really is, the diminution of practical wisdom, somewhat conspicuous of late in politics and legislation, is due in no small measure to the neglect of the higher poetry in favour, where concern for poetry survives at all, of brief snatches of lyrical emotion. Hence legislation by emotion and haste."

Unless you can look back on our discarded, inhuman penal laws and barbarous old Poor Law system and still feel that in those days our legislation atoned for what it certainly lacked in haste and emotion by anything of practical wisdom, this theory of Mr. Austin's opens up a field for discussion that is far too wide to be adventured upon here. In "The Feminine Note in English Poetry" he puts forth bold and uncompromising views that are sure of meeting with disfavour and contradiction in many quarters. Ladies who are advocating women's suffrage will resent his intimation that he does not "class them under the designation of feminine"; and one or two masculine persons, here and there, particularly in Scotland, will be surprised at this verdict on Burns:

"All his sympathies are with cottages and cottagers, whether he be expressly describing their existence, writing 'A Man's a Man for a' that,' 'The Birks of Aberfeldy,' 'Auld Lang Syne,' or addressing lines to a mouse whose nest he has turned up with a plough. All are written in a spirit of compassion for suffering, of sympathy with the lowly, of admiration for honest poverty. They are fundamentally tender, and, though expressed in manly fashion enough, fundamentally feminine, the poetry of a man who lived habitually under the influence of women."

To me, I confess, the admiration of stately palaces, the love of pretty uniforms and Court finery, of brute strength and the dash and swagger of military glory seem far more feminine attributes than does this sympathy with cottages and the unbefrilled lives of sturdy cottagers; but I am possibly in error. In any case, Mr. Austin's reasonings are subtle, plausible, and healthfully stimulating; he is everywhere lucid and in earnest, and has that rare thing in these days, the courage of his convictions.

His comparison and contrast of "Milton and Dante" is a sound and brilliant piece of criticism; he does full justice to Byron and shatters some dear illusions in his essay on "Byron and Wordsworth," but in the end none but a blindly fanatical Wordsworthian will feel that he has been unduly iconoclastic. There are thoughtful and admirable essays on "Poetry and Pessimism," on "Literature and Politics," on "Dante's Poetic Conception of Woman," "Dante's Realistic Treatment of the Ideal," and "A Vindication of Tennyson" that does not so much vindicate Tennyson as it sacrifices Swinburne. In a word, the book is alive at all points with interest; there is nothing tame or half-hearted about it, and it is largely because it is so often aggressive in its tone and there is so much in it that you can and do heartily and profoundly disagree with that you find it all so thoroughly and rousingly interesting. It is an able and delightful volume that will make new enemies for Mr. Austin—no doubt he expects that; but it will make new friends for him also, and more of the latter than of the former.

A. ST. JOHN ADCOCK.

THE AMAZING REVOLUTION.*

Sir William Ramsay was on his way to Constantinople when he heard that the Young Turks were concentrating in Macedonia. With his intimate knowledge of Turkey and Turkish affairs, he realised at once the importance of the news, and determining to push on with all speed, he arrived on April 20, four days before the Young Turks entered the city. This book, or at least the first half of it, is the diary which he kept on the journey and during his stay in Constantinople. It is printed exactly as it was written, except for an occasional interpolation to correct some statement afterwards proved to be wrong. Sir William Ramsay's previous acquaintance with Turkish society gave him access to every one of importance, and his reputation as a scholar and an archæologist as well as his known sympathy towards the Young Turks, won him general confidence. His Turkish friends talked to him without reserve, and he was better able to appreciate the Turkish point of view and far more likely to be told the truth than a diplomat or a newspaper correspondent. His diary is not only extremely interesting, but is a historical document of the first importance.

The first point which strikes the reader is the completeness with which the Young Turks succeeded in isolating Constantinople. No one knew what was going to happen, and what is more surprising, no one seemed to know what was happening only a few miles away. The Young Turks were playing for high stakes, and they were bluffing desperately. Sir William Ramsay passed through the lines while the Salonica army corps was mobilising, and he gives good reasons for believing that the Young Turkish force was probably not more than 12,000 or at the outside 15,000. Whatever the strength of the revolutionary army was, it was unquestionably far inferior to the forces at the disposal of the Sultan. But the city was so completely cut off that the invading army was wildly over-estimated. Had the Sultan, whose powers were manifestly beginning to fail, known the truth, the issue might have been different. But if the Young Turks were numerically weak, their plans were calculated to a nicety. Every movement was executed almost to the minute, though the actual entry into the city was precipitated by the belief (apparently well founded) that the Sultan was planning a general massacre of the Christians in the hope of compelling a European occupation.

Sir William Ramsay criticises severely the policy of the British Government, backed by the newspaper correspondents, in supporting the Liberals instead of the Young Turks. But he forgets that the Liberals had not always been in the helpless position in which he found them in April. After the revolution of July, 1908, the Liberals were the chief office-holders, and formed, in fact, the constitutional party, and so long as the constitution was maintained, it was in accordance with traditional British policy to support the constitutionalists. The event proved that the Liberals were outwitted by the Sultan, but to have assumed that events would take this course would have been speculative, if not hazardous; while to have deserted the Liberals when their star began to wane would have shown a cynical opportunism.

The diary makes it abundantly evident that the Young Turks owed much to German support, not in money so much as in advice. The actual details of the advance followed closely upon the lines laid down in an inspired article in the *Neue Freie Presse*, believed to emanate from General von der Goltz. The precision with which the whole plan was carried out was distinctly German. Indeed, nothing in the revolution was more remarkable than the way in which the revolutionists kept to their time-table. Never has a great city been captured with greater punctuality and less loss of life. Incidentally, it is to be noted also that Admiral Gamble's action in taking the fleet to sea was a decisive factor in the situation, and this the Young Turks could hardly have foreseen. The book gives a vivid idea of the state of uncertainty and suspense in the city during the fateful week. It was a time of great anxiety, and for some hours of the gravest danger, and yet Sir William Ramsay was working almost uninterruptedly on an article on the first chapter of Timothy. He has the coolness of the ideal traveller, and his diary is a fascinating page of modern history. The book is illustrated with numerous photographs by Lady Ramsay.

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* "The Revolution in Constantinople and Turkey: A Diary." By Sir W. M. Ramsay. 10s. 6d. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

THE ART OF CRITICISM.*

Arthur Symons is always interesting because he is always personal. His books are all, as one of them avowed itself, "spiritual adventures," in which he himself is the venturer. His criticism is often as near creation as criticism may be; not quite art, that is, for Wilde's paradox, defend it as he might, remains a paradox: criticism is the expression of opinion and art is the expression of what lies beyond opinion. But Mr. Symons's criticisms, though his intellect rationalises them, often emanate ultimately from his nerves, whence also comes much of the art with which he is most usually concerned.

"Plays, Acting, and Music," which first saw the light six years ago, has been reissued, with additions and subtraction. It now takes its place with "The Symbolist Movement," "Studies in Seven Arts," and the other beautiful blue volumes in which Mr. Symons has been working out his theory of art, and of life, which for him is a form of art. One may disagree with his views. One may feel that, in confining himself so closely to the works of his own time, he risks the perversion of his synthesis, that he is at least on the brink of confusing what is essentially modern with what is essentially artistic. Such a feeling, indeed, none the less discomfiting because one can never finally justify it, his books rarely fail to create. But his method, at any rate, is right; the method, that is, of working from examples rather than abstract ideas, of collecting bricks before attempting to build the house.

This dislike of mere generalisation is very characteristic of Mr. Symons. To those for whom the obvious is the real he seems inhuman in his absorptions in art. Yet his plea that acting and dancing and singing and playing on musical instruments shall be held in as high honour as the more durable arts, his recognition, that is, of the essential unity of art and life—what is that if not a proof of humanity? Who, again, shall say in what manifestation of life it is most human to be interested? Why should things of the intellect, which is, after all, but the garment of life, or of the conventions, which are its ornaments, be deemed more real than things of the moods and passions, which are life's very body and soul?

This feeling that art is no intellectual idea but the smoke-wreath from the inner fire of life is, perhaps, what has led to Mr. Symons's preoccupation with modern art. In writing of Irving or Duse or Yvette Guilbert or Pachmann he could not, of course, separate the man from the achievement. But even when dealing with poetry or painting, the arts which, when accomplished, are independent of their makers, he has always been happiest in writing of those whom he has known intimately, like Verlaine or Beardsley. Thus his books, "Plays, Acting, and Music" and the rest, have a justification earned by no mere system of æsthetics. Let us boldly use a hoary phrase: they are human documents.

FRANCIS BICKLEY.

THE FOURTH ESTATE.†

Mr. George R. Sims is quite right in commending this little book for its usefulness to those about to enter the profession of journalism. It may succeed in warning the faint-hearted and incapable off Fleet Street, and it must be of service to the valiant and stout-hearted. Every working journalist will endorse the author's advice to beginners, and though the methods and character of the Press change, as the methods of commerce change, certain sage counsels hold good for ages. Journalism has bulked fairly large in fiction of recent years, because so many of our novelists are journalists, and the natural tendency has been to describe the success that has come after difficulties and disappointments. Our "London Editor," fully alive to the failures of the profession, holds out no promise of success save to those who can achieve it. He tells in cold blood the hardships to be endured, even by those who reach the editorial staff of a daily paper. Such a one "can neither dine out nor spend an evening at the theatre. The hour that sees him going down to his office finds other professional men returning home. At 2 a.m. he leaves the building with the smell of printer's ink in his nostrils and the heavy, tremulous roar of the machines in his ears. It has been a wearying, trying night, full of all sorts of sensational news with the terrible possibility of having missed some important item which the rival paper will have in due prominence next morning." To the inevitable question—"Is it worth it?"—the answer, the author reminds us, will depend on the man. And the man must be alive to the requirements of the trade. For instance, the sensitive writer, with nice feelings of honesty, may be disconcerted by the blunt instruction here given—"at all costs he (the journalist) must never plead ignorance." He must be always ready "to hand out information to his readers." Hence the success of "the man of aptitudes" over the man of ability in journalism. It is far easier for the man whose knowledge is so limited that he is unaware of its narrow limitations to obey this axiom of never pleading ignorance than for the man of larger brain and wider outlook. Nothing comes amiss to the "pushing" journalist of to-day. He is not hampered by any high standard in literature or art when he sets about the criticism of new books or plays. The standard of the world is good enough in morals for him, and why should he trouble to measure books by the standard of the immortals? What has he to do with canons of criticism? It is enough for him to turn out a column or so of readable stuff on "current fiction" (or whatever the subject-matter may be), and bluff the public that he knows what he is writing about. Our "London Editor" recognises the enterprise and energy of the new journalism, inspired by America, but he admits it has undesirable features.

> "Strenuousness has taken the place of dignity, a relentless search for the 'newest news' without limitation, irrespective of persons or things, has ousted the cautious reserve and the regard for suitability which dominated the journalism of our fathers."

Not only the budding press-man (and press-woman) are catered for in this useful and eminently readable volume, but the black-and-white artist will also find it exceedingly helpful. For the general reader the best chapter, perhaps, is that devoted to "Famous Feats in News-gathering." We should have liked a chapter on "Honour in Journalism"—it is time it was written, and written by an experienced journalist.

J. CLAYTON.

CHINA AND JAPAN.*

Mrs. Conger's Letters are illustrated with reproductions of about eighty excellent photographs of her Chinese friends, among them many Manchu princesses, and one from Miss Carls' picture of the late Empress Dowager. Interesting though these are, they would be yet more

* "Plays, Acting, and Music." By Arthur Symons. 6s. net. (Constable.)

† "Modern Journalism: A Guide for Beginners." By a London Editor. With a Preface by George R. Sims. 2s. 6d. net. (Sidgwick & Jackson.)

* "Letters from China." By Sarah Pike Conger. 12s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)—"The Catholic Church in China, from 1860 to 1907." By Rev. Bertram Wolferstan, S.J. (Sands & Co.)—"The Japanese Spirit." By Okakura-Yoshisaburo. With an Introduction by George Meredith. (New Edition.) 1s. net. (Constable & Co.)—"Japan in World Politics." By Henry Dyer, Emeritus Professor, University of Tokyo, etc. 12s. 6d. net. (Blackie & Son.)

so if not so much dressed and made up for state occasions. The same applies to most books by diplomatists' wives, and Mrs. Conger's unfortunately inflated style, a curious mixture of Americanisms and phrases connected with Christian Science, heightens this effect. On page 14 she is unaffected and at her best:

"Here came quietly along an orderly drove of about two hundred swine from the mountains of Mongolia. On close observation we discovered that each foot of each beast was shod with a leather sock to protect it from the sharp stones. Foolish, do you say? Not one of them seemed footsore, and they travelled on at their master's bidding without rebellion. I call this a wonderful phase of patience and economy. Patience in making and tying on those eight hundred socks, and economy in keeping the feet well, thus enabling these swine to make their long journey to Peking."

The account of the Peking siege is so sympathetic, one can only wonder it has not been published earlier. The story of the two Russian soldiers who dropped their loot and ceased to insult the girls in a Chinese home when the anguished father, in his desperation, took down his piccolo and played to them the Russian national air, deserves to be told. The man happened to be one of Sir Robert Hart's Chinese band, hence his knowledge of foreign music.

When, however, Mrs. Conger realises the dream of her heart, and becomes acquainted with "her Majesty," as she loves to call the late Empress Dowager, English readers will find a little too much of "natural grace of manner and extreme courtesy." "She took choice bracelets and fastened them on my wrists." "Crowning the Imperial graces was the womanly tenderness that bade us draw near to her." On the occasion of the first visit, the leaders of the Chinese Reform Party, the chosen councillors of the young Emperor, had but just been summarily executed with all his trusty servants. On almost the last occasion, when Mrs. Conger went alone save for her interpreter, one of the learned writers of China had just been beaten to death by the Dowager Empress's express orders, it being contrary to Chinese custom to sentence any one to death in the dog days. One of the ladies who interpreted for the United States Minister's wife used to relate: "The Christians all weep when any of us go to the Palace, saying, 'You too abandon us, and forget our dead!'" Owing to the forces of seven nations, the Dowager Empress could kill no more foreign Christians, but she could still persecute Chinese Christians, still held all Chinese editors under sentence of capital punishment, still had a tremendous price set upon the heads of the surviving Reformers—the Emperor's friends. It is always hard to combine love for persecutors and kind consideration for their victims, but what are we to say of Mrs. Conger's reflection: "Respect shown the great Confucius quite appealed to me, as he is China's *redeemer and saviour*"? No Chinese would ever dream of saying this, and if she often expressed herself thus, no wonder Soochow missionaries took for granted it would not interest her to see anything of their work.

The passages describing Mr. Conger and his methods are the more touching now when that good man, a real father to his country-people, has been called away from the wife who lived so happily in his sheltering companionship. To those who know little of Chinese politics, this book will afford some quite pleasant reading.

"The Catholic Church in China"—"Christendom in China" or "Christian Workers in China," it should rather have been called—is a book of altogether different calibre, a book that may arouse much controversy, unless that word "Catholic" deters those readers to whom it should most appeal, and which may possibly lead to further-reaching results than its author yet dreams. A one-time Naval Lieutenant, who becomes an R.C., subjects himself to the severe training of many years demanded of Jesuit priests, and is then made head of the Army Training College at Wimbledon, which has already become famous as making no failures—such a man would be likely to produce an exceptional book, such as this, where Protestant Missions to China are judged out of the mouths of Protestant missionaries. The Jesuits might have converted China centuries ago, but for the jealousies and interference of the Dominicans. What the intense sympathy with the Chinese of this one Jesuit priest may effect, yet remains to be seen. And to the end a good deal turns upon what one means by conversion to Christianity. The Rev. Dr. Williamson objects that the only difference "between them (R.C. converts) and their heathen neighbours, is that they are good Mass-hearing shoemakers, or whatever their calling may be," which was precisely the difference the Catholic Church sent her missionaries to China to effect. Here remarks our author, who very rarely allows himself to express any opinion of his own: the Catholic Church's "object is not to transform the Chinese into French, English, or Italians, but into Christians; and it will be under this heading only that the Christian missionary will one day have to give an account of his stewardship." W. E. Griffis writes: "If his (R.C.) people are good Catholics, they may still plod on in the old ruts. But the Protestant missionary comes to reform society. . . . He gives a new view and compels change, and a change for the better. Consequently there is to-day a 'young China,' etc., etc." Young China certainly owes its present position to the Christian Literature Society and American schools, whilst everywhere in R.C. schools girls' feet were being mutilated long after the antifoot-binding movement had won an Imperial Edict, and Viceroys' proclamations condemning binding, thus making Chinese Christians appear behind their Buddhist kinsfolk in humanity.

Father Wolferstan is uncompromising in his claim that the law of God over-rules the law of man: "Go ye into the whole world and preach the gospel unto every creature." But possibly the chapters that will attract most notice are those on the protests of the most eminent of Protestant missionaries against the action of the Bible Society in circulating the Bible broadcast without any attempt at making it intelligible to the Chinese. These protests may possibly be a revelation to some at home. This is certainly a book that should be carefully read by all serious thinkers upon China, although it may give some pain—especially to those who still look for Union upon Earth.

In "The Japanese Spirit," curiously enough, Mr. Okakura writes: "The Roman Catholics, more enthusiastic than discreet, committed wholesale outrages on our harmless ways of faith in the early days of the seventeenth century, which did much to leave in bad repute the creed of Jesus Christ." This dainty reprint of a book deservedly popular merely, however, deals *en passant* with the religious question, as is the wont of Japanese, who, as the author writes, "are not a people with much aptitude for deep metaphysical ways of thinking, they are not of the calibre from which you expect a Kant or a Schopenhauer." In contradistinction to Mrs. Conger, this Japanese writer records how Confucius called himself "a transmitter and not a maker, believing in and loving the ancients." The author's charming account of how the Japanese nature has been influenced by a friendly sun and by "their most beloved Fujiyamà," "lifting its snow-clad head against a serene background," etc., etc., we regret much not having space to quote, and yet more his comparison of the Japanese spirit with the cherry-blossom.

The shrinkage of the world through quick and easy inter-communication by trains, steamers, and telegraphs, and consequently increased influence of the nations upon one another, is so interesting a subject that the only question is whether any one writer can be competent to deal with one so world-embracing. We have noticed before that people who live long in Japan learn to regard it as the centre round which the rest of the world revolves;

thus we find Dr. Dyer writing of "Japan's influence on social and political conditions in the Far East generally and directly or indirectly on *all* the commercial and industrial countries in the world, and *especially* on those in the Pacific area." The italics are ours. Most of us would certainly place the last clause before that about *all* the *nations*, but Japan schooled, Dr. Dyer places it last, as the most important portion of the universe. This vast subject is further complicated by being bound up with the discontent among the industrial classes of all civilised nations. That Dr. Dyer yet writes of it with a lucidity that makes his book easy as well as interesting reading sufficiently shows how thoroughly he has digested his subject. His guiding star seems to be that much-dreamed of Universal Peace, which he sees "with the United States of Europe on one side of the globe, and the United States of America on the other, and with Japan in the Pacific Ocean to act as reconciler of East and West."

He quotes Kæmpfer, in 1692, writing, "The behaviour of the Japanese from the meanest countryman up to the greatest prince or lord is such that the whole empire may be called a school of civility and good manners." He then quotes the Director of the High School of Technology in Tokyo as saying now of Japanese labourers and factory hands: "The vast majority spend their time out of shop in drunkenness and debauchery. Family life brings them neither pleasure nor comfort. Not only so, but as a class they take no interest in their own trade; they are simply coolies—whose only motive to labour is mere subsistence." Factory girls in Japan seem to be in even worse case. This is a book which affords much food for thought, and it is difficult to lay it down.

ALICIA LITTLE.

COLLECTIONS AND THE INTERPRETER.*

There are three books before us on widely diverse subjects; one is primarily devoted to the description of part of the writer's unique collection of old English pottery; the second is an album of Constable's Sketches; and the third is a new book by Professor Gardner on Greek Sculpture. But they have this in common, that they are all picture books, and thus really they enable us to enjoy possession, ourselves, at second-hand, of treasures of art, though they all refer to collections easily accessible in the Kensington and British Museums.

It is, to many, a disconcerting and discouraging experience to be plumped down in the midst of a collection of art treasures and left there, helpless and amazed; and we may see any day what the ordeal is in any of our National Galleries or Museums. For hither come pious and simple folk, and they hang about the temple hoping that some good may come of it; and for the most part the oracle will not speak a word to be understood. Perhaps the seekers after knowledge go out and buy "Art Books," thinking there may be some interpretation in these volumes; and then, too often, they find the priestess (or priest) who speaks through the "Art Book" has been so bewildered by the intoxicating smoke around the shrine that she (or he) can utter nothing to the purpose. A student who wants information and is presented in the "Art Book" with platitudes about the Good, the Beautiful and the True, is apt to say in his wrath that he would like an interpreter to be intelligible as well as inspired, and one, too, whose talk is not all "smoke." He will fall in here, however, with interpretations that are intelligible and that are trustworthy, and, thanks to illustration by photography,

Female Figure from the Acropolis at Athens.
From "Six Greek Sculptors," by E. A. Gardner. (Duckworth.)

he can take home with him together with the interpretation something of the collection itself.

The idea of the "Great Artists" series is to make each book into a kind of portfolio of reproductions of the artist's works, and in the present volume the collection is of Constable's Sketches.

We might say with propriety of Constable himself what he said of Wilson, that distinguished but too-late appreciated master: "He was one of those appointed to show the world the hidden stores and beauties of nature"; but Constable's great work was to reveal the loveliness of the common light of day. The sketches suffer, of course, by translation, yet the beautiful effect of sunlight is preserved and we have presented to us a book of joyful memories wherein we may see what things Constable loved in nature;—"Light," he said, "dews, breezes, bloom, and freshness."

Professor Gardner has prefaced his account of "Six Greek Sculptors" by a valuable chapter on the characteristics of Greek Sculpture. Now it would be an abrupt change indeed to turn from consideration of Constable's individuality and original genius, to look at pictures of Greek sculpture, if all we should find there were the academic generalisation of a conventional school. Many people expect to find no more than this; but Professor Gardner is at pains to disprove Ruskin's assertion that there is no personal character in true Greek art. Cunningly, he places side by side photographs of a Greek head and its Græco-Roman copy; and in his work of interpreting Greek art to us he points out that the copy possesses just those qualities of cold and colourless generalisation that have been thought typical of the antique, while the original has

* "Quaint Old English Pottery." By Charles J. Lomax. £2 2s. (Sherratt & Hughes.)—"Six Greek Sculptors." By Ernest A. Gardner, M.A., Yates Professor of Archæology in the University of London. 7s. 6d. (Duckworth.)—"Constable's Sketches." With a Biographical Study by Sir James Linton, R.I. 5s. (George Newnes, Limited.)

expression and character, realised and reproduced with marvellous directness of observation.

This is, it is unnecessary to say, no picture book like the book of illustrations of sculpture recently issued: it is a piece of interpretation; but skilled use is made of photography, and Mrs. Strong has contributed photographs used to illustrate her own admirable translation and compendium of the work of Professor Fürtwaengler. Among them we see again the photograph of that famous antique head in Lord Leconfield's possession, the Aphrodite, said to have been, in truth, Phryne; and as she smiles upon us the ages do but "spread her conquests farther."

The whirligig of time carries us from a statue that bewitched the world to an archaic representation of a very queer wood spirit, to wit, King Charles in the oak tree with a lion and a unicorn in dutiful attendance. This is pictured in the interesting and delightful book by Mr. Lomax on "Quaint Old English Pottery." There are many illustrations of the work of old English craftsmen, and they are clearly and concisely explained by the author, who reminds us that the men who produced this pottery were catering for the peasant classes, from which they themselves were drawn. There were a number of potteries in the country, each one serving its own locality, for heavy ware could not be carried to any great distance upon pack horses or panniered donkeys. Now the Compleat Collector unearths the history, if he can, of those potteries that sent out ware skilful in execution and design; and it seems to us he should set about this enterprise in something of the temper of Gilbert White, who discovered a whole world of interest in the natural history of a remote country parish: for the collector is but concerned with the simple annals of the poor, and yet as he draws near to the life of the people he sees how wide is the reflection of events of national importance, and finds a whole history of the past in the Puritan pottery of the Metropolitan Slip Ware, in tygs and plates and posset-pots.

F. E. PHILLIPS.

PASCAL.*

Principal Tulloch, in his brief but masterly study of Pascal, observes that there is hardly a name more famous than his, at once in literature, science, and religion. He was a great saint, a great student, and a great writer. He has, moreover, that peculiar charm of personality, shared by Newman and a few others, that impels us, when we have weighed his thought, to penetrate further and try to understand the man. It is not an easy task. To Voltaire and to Condorcet he seemed a crazy fanatic. Victor Cousin thought him a sceptic, driven to credulity by his despair. Sainte-Beuve judged him to be believer and unbeliever by turns, pouring out a flood of eager questionings and equally eager but unsatisfying answers. Vinet, who has perhaps studied him best of all, thinks that his distinguishing quality is his profound individuality associated with an equally profound intellectual courage in the search for truth.

It was to be expected that a man upon whom such divergent judgments have been passed should come in for special attention to-day, when the psychology of belief forms a subject of so much study and inquiry. Accordingly, Viscount St. Cyres tells us that he has done his best "to profit by the wisdom of Professors William James and Leuba, and to deal with Pascal's conversion and its consequences as a 'variety of religious experience.'" His book certainly profits by this wisdom, but its main value is that it gathers up practically all that is known of Pascal's life, and is the fullest biography of the great writer that has yet appeared in English.

And, after all, the best commentary on Pascal's thought is his life. He was born in a Christian household, all of whose members took a deep interest in the serious affairs of life. His father watched over his mental development with unremitting attention. His sister, Jacqueline, felt the attraction of Port-Royal, and was continually urging her brother to the religious life. The accident at the Neuilly bridge, when the carriage in which he was driving was almost precipitated into the Seine, gave him a moral shock, which changed his religion from one of quiet acquiescence into a passionate and ascetic devotion. His mind was the mind of a mathematician—that is to say, it hated compromise and approximations to the truth, and was therefore necessarily repelled by the Jesuit morality. It found the precision it sought in the teaching of Port-Royal, and thenceforth Pascal became the most formidable supporter of Jansenist opinions. What Port-Royal was for its age may be read in Sainte-Beuve's great history. It was defeated and destroyed, but it has left its mark upon Western Christianity, and by no means its smallest achievement was that it inspired Pascal's "Provincial Letters" and "Thoughts."

The "Provincial Letters" are masterpieces of style and of polished irony. Readers averse from all theological discussion, from whom the Five Propositions and the Bull "Unigenitus" are as remote as squabbles of kites and crows, yet find in these "Letters" a brightness of wit, a play of fancy, and a rapid and penetrating intelligence scarcely equalled in the whole range of French literature. No polemical writings have enjoyed greater fame, and none have reached so high a level.

An interesting chapter in literary history might be written upon the books which great men have projected but failed to complete. Such a chapter would deal at length with the work in defence of the Christian religion which occupied Pascal for so long, and of which the "Thoughts" are the scattered fragments. Criticism has laboured upon these fragments, and out of them has erected, not indeed the edifice Pascal dreamed, but a piece of religious literature that ranks with Augustine's "Confessions" and the "Imitation." They are, as has been well said, more than thoughts; they are passionate lyrical cries. Their peculiarly modern air has often been noticed, and is perhaps due to this, that they lack serenity. For this reason they appeal with special force to our own generation, which possesses many things, but is restless, agitated, inquiring, and like Pascal longs for and always hopes to find the serenity needed to complete its happiness.

A. W. EVANS.

* "Pascal." By Viscount St. Cyres. 10s. 6d. net. (Smith, Elder.)

ARE POETS BORN?*

Let us be serious (until we come to one of these books), and let us not be backward in appreciation of that impulse which, despite the Time's indifference, produces books of poetry and verse. Let us utter no complaint about the surging number of these books; it would become us rather to complain that they are all too few. The poet, such as one imagines him to be, must frequently resolve to walk in more frequented groves, and thus the most exalted form of art is being shorn of devotees. We do not now refer to those who, by their own desire and the desire of Providence, give worship at more shrines than one. Far be it from us to lament the various activities of Mr. Sturge Moore, of Mr. Newbolt. But the poet who, says Stevenson, inhabits all our youthful bosoms must, in many cases, have

* "Baudelaire: The Flowers of Evil." By Cyril Scott. 1s. net. (Elkin Mathews.)—"Exultations of Ezra Pound." 2s. 6d. net. (Elkin Mathews.)—"A Century of Sonnets." By Bertram Dobell. 1s. net. (Dobell.)—"The Scarlet Gown." By R. F. Murray. 2s. 6d. net. (MacLehose.)—"In the Net of the Stars." By F. S. Flint. 2s. 6d. net. (Elkin Mathews.)—"War Songs of Britain." Selected by Harold E. Butler. 2s. (Constable.)—"Poems Lyrical and Romantic." By J. Barnard-James. 3s. 6d. net. (Constable.)—"The Master-Singers of Japan." By Clara A. Walsh. 2s. net. (Murray.)

been stifled prematurely. Thus our harvest is a thing of sorrow, seeing that we cannot but remember those for whom the winds have been too cruel. Whither have they carried all the songs we should have heard? It is improbable that Mr. Davies is the only poet of the doss-house, but his silent comrades were not gifted with his perseverance. Of them we cannot speak, and sometimes we would rather say no word about those others who from their profession turn again to poetry. The deafness of the world may irretrievably have made them deaf, and it is possible that Mr. A. E. Housman, if he had been silent until now, would now for evermore be silent. Mr. Cyril Scott, the creator of splendid music, has addressed himself again to poetry. "La musique souvent me prend comme une mer!" sang Baudelaire, and this is one of the poems that Mr. Scott has rendered into English. Mr. Ezra Pound is a pundit. He has grown to be learned in many ancient things and then has turned again to poetry. Of course the poet in our youthful bosoms is not always a considerable poet, and if, later on, he tries to sing, the failure of it may not always be because the time is out of joint. But there is a poet in Mr. Pound's bosom, and we would beg him to abandon his pursuit of knowledge and to make for us more "Ballads of the Goodly Fere" before it be too late. Mr. Bertram Dobell is the publisher, the super-publisher who has deserved so well of us. And it is not on that account alone that we would praise this little book of his. Wherever we may look there is good thinking and a work that entertains. I have not the pleasure of Mr. Dobell's acquaintance, but as I read his book I find that I am wishing that I had that pleasure.

Robert Murray's name has long been dear to us, and now we have his book, "The Scarlet Gown," republished with additional poems. Here we find again his beautiful piece beginning:

> "When the weary night is fled,
> And the morning sky is red,
> Then my heart doth rise and say,
> 'Surely she will come to-day.'"

Murray must be read at St. Andrews, and by those who love St. Andrews.

Evidently Mr. Flint is young and old. At the end of one of his poems we have these lines:

> "In the fields of the moon
> She hath strayed, hath strayed,
> Among the roses,
> A white moon maid.
>
> And now on the earth
> She hath come to me,
> Fragrant with spice
> Of eternity."

And I refuse to listen to the baser voice in me that says that he is too much occupied with stars and dreams and Mr. Yeats. Are not these delightful things? Some day this little book will, I am thinking, be the quarry of collectors, when the poet has expressed the song of London that is waiting to be sung. And he has started on it, for instance, in the first poem of this book, where he sees in smoky streets a vision of the sea. Here is the last verse:

> "As I face the streets, there come to me,
> In an awful wave that stops my breath,
> The clutching, griping thought of death,
> And the bitter taste of an unknown sea."

I lent "In the Net of the Stars" to a friend, before passing my proof, but a crowd of starry lines assail me now as I re-read my quotations from it, and I feel I might have said much more without overpraising it. Follow my advice and get this book. Do not follow me in lending it, for I am doubtful if you will ever recover such a charming, delightful thing, once you let it escape out of your hands.

Bon voyage, Mr. Flint! . . . We have two books from Meredith's publishers. The war-songs would have been a pleasure to him, though we may question why his own glorious "The Head of Bran the Blest" was not included. The book is cheap and contains a quantity of good stuff. But the other book is—well, no, it is cheap, too. Mr. J. Barnard-James has given me an hour of merriment. If now I am sad, it is because I have no space for adequate quotation. On every page, in almost every line—but perhaps we are too sophisticated. It will gratify the German Emperor to learn that when "Adam to his consort spoke," his words were, "Liebst du mich?" and she, not to be outdone, replied, "Ich liebe dich." The same words passed, we learn, between Romeo and Juliet, as also

> "When Faust, with Marg'ret on his arm,
> Enjoyed a walk in Martha's garden."

One day Mr. Barnard-James himself was walking in the "Garden of Beauty," and

> "Then, won by the fair situation,
> I stretch my limbs gladly,
> And seek to solve Nature's equation,
> Neither madly nor sadly."

I am not sure whether these lines are lyrical or romantic:

> "With female tact she quickly knew
> That mine was heart designed to woo." . . .

But I do know that Mr. Barnard-James's substantial book has put my fire out. . . . However, I have got Miss Walsh's book to solace me. On page 52 thereof is a translation from the Japanese, beginning:

> "No bird-songs at dawn-breaking sound by the lonely sea."

And it appears that all the readers of the "Wisdom of the East" Series will find a place upon their shelf for this new dainty comrade.

HENRY BAERLEIN.

MASTERS OF LITERATURE.*

These are the first four in a series of handy and beautifully produced volumes that are to contain "the finest passages from the greatest writers." Each book is edited by a well-known scholar who in some cases connects the selections with editorial comments, and in all cases furnishes a full, critical and biographical introduction. It is an excellent idea excellently carried out.

The Fielding volume is edited by Professor Saintsbury and includes ample and carefully chosen chapters, episodes and descriptive or reflective passages from the three great novels, from "Jonathan Wild" and "A Voyage to Lisbon"; and from the novels the extracts are so made that, reading them, one has not only read all the best that Fielding wrote, but, with the help of the editor's occasional brief epitomisings, has been able to follow easily the developments of the narrative. In his thirty introductory pages Professor Saintsbury gives a masterly little sketch of the novelist's career and a scholarly and brilliantly critical estimate of his work. Those who have never opened and have not leisure to open the voluminous writings of Fielding, in these hurrying days, will gain an adequate knowledge of the man and his achievements when they have possessed themselves of the contents of this book; and those who know them already and have not time to read him again will find it convenient and invaluable for purposes of reference.

Professor Grant has done for Scott, Mr. John Masefield for Defoe, and Mr. A. W. Evans for Carlyle what Professor Saintsbury has done for Fielding. In each instance the selections are entirely satisfying, and the editorial comments and criticisms are admirably helpful and suggestive even if you are occasionally inclined to dissent from them.

* "Fielding." Edited by George Saintsbury, D.Litt., LL.D.—"Defoe." Edited by John Masefield.—"Scott." Edited by Arthur James Grant, M.A.—"Carlyle." Edited by A. W. Evans. Masters of Literature Series. 3s. 6d. net per vol. (G. Bell & Sons.)—"Thomas Carlyle; the Man and his Books." By Wm. Howie Wylie. New Edition. 2s. 6d. net. (Fisher Unwin.)

For instance, Mr. Masefield says justly of Defoe, "Writing to such a man is not so much an art as a natural personal faculty, like conversation. We see no conscious striving for particular beauties in his style. He works at a continual low, even pressure, thinking clearly, but with no glory of thought, feeling rightly, but without rapture, seeing the world and its faults, but never its significance; expressing always the daily commonplaces of his nature, and of the world, with a minute and skilful accuracy." But when he adds, "One can always fix a writer's rank in the heavenly hierarchy by asking, 'Who reads such an one?' Defoe is read by schoolboys and kitchen-maids, by sailors, by seekers after dirt, and by a few students of history and social science; his popularity is a proof of the commonness of his vision," you are set a-wondering what is proved by the popularity of Bunyan, of Dickens, of the Brontës, of Shakespeare.

But, as Professor Grant puts it in one of his footnotes, "My object has not been to draw up an examination class list, but to stimulate reflection and discussion," and this has been the general object of all the editors of the Series, an object that Mr. Evans has fulfilled with notable taste and skill in the very difficult task of making a representative selection from Carlyle. His concise biography, his analysis of Carlyle's style and notes on the influence of his teachings, form an ideal introduction to a book in such a series as this.

From Mr. Fisher Unwin comes a cheap reissue of the late William Howie Wylie's well-known and delightful monograph on Carlyle, with its wealth of anecdotes, table talk, and personal reminiscences. The new edition has been revised by Mr. William Robertson, and contains a sympathetic memoir of the author by his daughter.

THE FRENCH IMPRESSIONISTS.*

During the last ten years many essays have appeared dealing with the French Impressionists, but, interesting and useful though they have been, none has succeeded in defining precisely the actual group of painters who created the great innovation now known by the familiar word "Impressionism." Few people in this country are quite certain as to who the Impressionists were, and it is by no means unusual to hear almost every modern French painter who was not flagrantly in the academic line of succession, like, say, Bouguereau, classed roughly under this title. Such diverse artists as Manet and Degas, Monet and Cézanne, and even Courbet, Corot, and, because of his association with France, Whistler, have all been bracketed together as Impressionists. Obviously there is a misuse of the term somewhere, although one should not be too categorical in such matters. Categories are, after all, only means, and not ends, and, in the last resort, useless.

But there is a difference between impressionism in Art and the French Impressionists, and by the publication of an English translation of M. Duret's excellent book, "Manet and the French Impressionists," we are set right on what is a very interesting point in contemporary art history. This well-printed and beautifully illustrated volume is, however, something more than a definitive history of the Impressionists, it is, in its way, authoritative; for Duret was both the friend of Manet, who was the father of the Impressionists, and one of the earliest critical backers of the famous group of painters in the days when they excited the kind of hostility hitherto reserved for the more daring of social reformers and founders of religions. He speaks, therefore, with the knowledge of an initiate.

At the very outset he is able to show quite clearly that Manet, although the direct inspirer of the Impressionists, never accepted their label; and that, innovator though he was, and revolutionary though his art came to be, he, the source of revolt, like so many effective revolutionists in history, was a quiet, conventional man, who went about his business in an absorbed way, with due reverence for the masters; and he was not a little surprised, and even indignant, to find that his pictures aroused the contempt usually accorded to freakish things. Manet, above all things, was no crank. He was a refined Parisian, fastidious of habit, engrossed in his work, and healthy-minded enough to hunger after human applause. And he was confirmed in his attitude because he knew instinctively, what we all know now, that his pictures were not so many insurrections, but evolutions of the great tradition in art. Indeed, precedents, as is well known, have since been found among the accredited masters, of the past for such seemingly impossible pictures as "Le Déjeuner sur l'Herbe" and "Olympia." Manet came not to destroy, but to fulfil. His protest was in his work, and it was levelled against those who would have limited painting to the cramped intellectualism of the Beaux-Arts.

The name Impressionist, M. Duret tells us, was first a term of contempt used against a group of painters who were inspired by Manet's work and rejected of the authorities. They therefore held exhibitions of their own. To-day their influence can be seen in all good painting, and their names—Claude Monet, Pissarro, Sisley, Renoir, Berthe Morisot, Cézanne, and Guillaumin—are household words wherever art is valued. They adopted the title Impressionists much as our Suffragettes adopted their name, and the name has become historical. But Manet and Degas repudiated it. The former never ceased to look to the Salon for exhibition purposes, and it is surprising to find how many times his pictures succeeded in passing the bewildered hanging committees; and on one occasion at least, a work of his, the delightful "Le Bon Bock," received popular acclamation. His aloofness from coteries was temperamental and wise. He probably suspected the large freedom of impressionism. New movements lend themselves to charlatanry and abuse. To paint exactly what you see requires not only courage and skill, it requires honesty and correct eyesight. Manet may have feared whimsical digressions as well as impostures. In spite of the novelty of his work, his painting was as normal as his personality; that is why he renounced labels. This does not mean that the Impressionists as a group were not normal—occasionally, to be sure, individuals overstepped the bounds of graphic sanity—but as a group the Impressionists were almost as normal as Manet. M. Duret shows this in his invaluable history, in which he gives a separate account of each of the seven original Impressionists, a history of impressionism up to 1909, as well as the longer Manet chapters, and an iconography of the paintings and pastels of Manet and their present owners.

HOLBROOK JACKSON.

* "Manet and the French Impressionists." By Theodore Duret. 12s. 6d. net. (Grant Richards.)

Novel Notes.

THE RUST OF ROME. By Warwick Deeping. 6s. (Cassell.)

This is a modern, not a mediæval story. Let no unwary reader suspect or hope that Mr. Deeping has written a story upon the corruption of the Roman Church. The heroine, left an orphan in a little country cottage, finds the remains of a Roman villa under her garden, and this discovery has suggested the title of the book. It is a story which begins with great promise. Heriot, a wild-cap undergraduate, has been released from gaol after a long sentence, and returns to society. A disgust of life finally drives him abroad, after which he returns to bury himself in a country district in England. This move

unwittingly leads to his marriage. He befriends the heroine, thrashes and finally kills the villain of the piece in excellent style, and generally holds the stage when he is on it. The country folk supply an element of human comedy which is needed to relieve the pathos of the fate which befell Eve's parents. Mr. Deeping develops as usual a strong human interest in his characters. The scenery gives no chance for displaying highly embroidered tapestries of description, but those who care for a vigorous and versatile modern story may be recommended to try "The Rust of Rome."

A YEAR OUT OF LIFE. By Mary E. Waller. 6s. (Andrew Melrose.)

Readers of "The Wood-Carver of 'Lympus" will greet with pleasurable anticipation the publication of a fresh novel by Mary Waller. And if Twiddie, Uncle Shim, and Aunt Lize refuse to be displaced in our affections by Nathalie and the German author, we can nevertheless ungrudgingly recognise in the portrayal of these last the same talented and sympathetic pen. In the course of a pleasure visit to Germany, Nathalie Felton, an American girl of twenty-one, is attracted by the works of a famous author, Friedrich von Ehrlingen, who has been left a widower with two children. She writes seeking permission to translate one of his books, and so initiates a correspondence which, while purporting to deal with the progress of the translation, develops into an interchange of pleasant confidences, and, on his part, into a thinly-veiled declaration of deep affection. Doubting her own heart, Nathalie employs every artifice she can to avoid a meeting. She perseveres, however, in her task of translation, bound thereto by two things—the fascination of von Ehrlingen's delightful letters, and the determination to uphold the honour of America by not "backing out." At length they meet, and instinctively she realises that "there would be no 'falling in love'" on her part. With von Ehrlingen it is different; the sight of Nathalie fulfils his fondest imaginations. The charm of his correspondence continues to exert its old spell on Nathalie; but at a second interview she has to confess, "I do not know whether I love you or not." Then, on an impulse—little knowing he has said good-bye to her in earnest—she writes him a letter "out of the very fulness of her heart," and, later, asks him to spend a day with her party. She receives a reply: "Such a letter! In the warm September sunshine, filtering down upon me through the pines, I shivered. He had turned and—rent me. The words scourged. They fell on my soul and heart like driving winter sleet on naked flesh:—'He come to me again! No. I had fooled him long enough, a year already—I had taken a year out of his life—deprived him of the power of doing his accustomed work—a year. . . . And life was so short.' Fooled him! I?" Written with a woman's keen insight into woman, this novel possesses a distinct literary charm which more than compensates for the thinness of the plot and the dearth of incident.

BRUMMELL AGAIN. By Cosmo Hamilton. 6s. (Mills & Boon.)

Mr. Cosmo Hamilton's new book isn't really a novel (though the publishers describe it as such). It is a series of criticisms on present-day topics—social and political, collected (we should suppose) from some periodical. Taken in the mass "Brummell" is rather too solid for good digestion, and this in spite of the humour and philosophy that abound. It is only fair to say that "Brummell" warns us he is "not to be taken at a gulp," but recommends that his proper place is "on the little table at the side of the bed next to the candles, d'y'see, one on wakin', one at bedtime." There is a great deal of good sense in Brummell's comments on men and things, and the satire and irony "break the glass and ring the bell" (to quote

Photo by Elliott & Fry. **Mr. Cosmo Hamilton.**

Brummell's happy phrase) nearly every time. Nearly, but not quite. For Brummell is an avowed, unashamed sentimentalist, and the sentimentalist can't help going wrong when he deals with politics and social questions. Hence the politically minded, of one school at least, will find Brummell peculiarly irritating. But on such subjects as London, Paris, St. Malo, Henley, Oxford at the Eights, golf, Brummell is vastly entertaining; and on theatres, clothes, the art of buyin' presents, and the London season, he is really luminous. There is a healthy feeling about the discipline of rowing which finds expression in the thought after Henley Regatta. "For I say this. I say that the man who'll swot like a galley-slave as these jokers are doing is the man to back in whatever job he eventually takes up." But Brummell's politics, to people of opposite views, are very distressing.

THE PRIME MINISTER'S SECRET. By W. Holt White. 6s. (Unwin.)

Mr. Holt White's story should appeal to a public which we have reason to believe is considerable. In his first chapter the author contrives the meeting of his hero and his villain under somewhat unusual circumstances. Sir Paul Westerham, indeed—who is the afore-mentioned hero—is threatening the life of Captain Melun in the second sentence. From such a beginning great things may be expected, and Mr. Holt White certainly does his best to make his book as exciting as possible. But his story would have been better if he had managed to strike a slightly less exaggerated note. As it is, the heights to which the heroine rises, and the depths to which the villain descends, are superhuman. Luck and coincidence also come freely to the assistance of the hero, who, indeed, cannot be said to solve the mystery, but merely to hit upon it by a happy chance. In addition to all this, improbabilities are unusually numerous. However, "The Prime

Minister's Secret" has some very good points. The mystery, though conventional, really is kept secret until the close of the story; incidents crowd closely upon each other's heels; and, above all, the plot is very well constructed. In fact, the author shows clearly that he knows what he is about. He makes no literary pretences, but he does turn out a sensational story in a workmanlike manner.

THE UNSPOKEN WORD. By Morice Gerard. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

We know Mr. Morice Gerard chiefly as a writer of virile and picturesque romance; and when we say romance we mean tales of those glamorous bygone ages that are always spoken of as if they were more romantic and fuller of adventure than our own. But in "The Unspoken Word" Mr. Gerard is as thoroughly up-to-date as it is possible to be; his story is of to-day, and may be of to-morrow. It is of the daring and unscrupulous attempts of certain German spies to obtain our military secrets and plans of our sea-coast fortifications. The plot is very ingeniously contrived; the subtle schemings of the disreputable German Baron and the shrewd measures to thwart them that are adopted by the English officer who is told off to unravel the mystery surrounding the murder and drugging of two of the sentries at Dover are narrated with such skill and gusto that from the moment when the First Lord of the Admiralty arrives in the ball-room and dispatches Captain Devigne on his difficult mission, to the night when Devigne unmasks the chief of the German conspirators, as he sits blamelessly playing at bridge with some of his aristocratic English friends, the interest of the reader is kept unflaggingly and intensely alert. In the main, this is a varied and exciting story of plot and counter-plot and diplomatic intriguings, but a very charming love idyll runs through it all; the unspoken word has to do with this idyll, and if the reader cannot guess what the word is he does not deserve to be told. Mr. Gerard finds as much romance in his own day as he has found in the days that were not his, and if in other ways "The Unspoken Word" is unlike his earlier books, it is like them in that it is well and deftly written and tells a capital story.

ROMANCE AT RANDOM. By H. B. Marriott Watson. 6s. (Hutchinson.)

Mr. Watson is raising the flower whose seed was scattered by Stevenson in his tales of Prince Florizel. Lord de Lys is a whimsical aristocrat who gets himself into all manner of scrapes and adventures, by playing practical jokes or intruding *incognito* into the affairs of people who are strangers to him. The general idea has been worked out quite happily. Once or twice an adventure threatens to become serious. In at least two cases Lord de Lys is entangled with matters in which the wings of his fancy threaten to be singed. But he emerges scatheless from the last adventure chronicled by Mr. Watson, largely owing to the fact of his coolness and quick wit, added to the equally salient fact that he is a thorough gentleman. There are twelve adventures. "The Uncommercial Traveller" and "The Jamboree" are perhaps the neatest of the twelve, but all of them are vivacious and entertaining. Mr. Watson never clogs a story with verbiage, and he invariably writes in buoyant spirits.

ROBERT EMMET: A Historical Romance. By Stephen Gwynn. 6s. (Macmillan.)

This is no ordinary novel, and any adequate criticism of it must take into consideration the plea, addressed to both critics and readers, in Mr. Gwynn's preface. There, qualifying somewhat the sub-title, he calls his story "a romance of fact . . . a faithful recital of things which happened . . . a full, consecutive account of that famous episode in history (the Emmet rising of 1803, to wit) based upon a serious study of all the material which is accessible to-day." And then, leaving to his critics the decision how far he is justified in giving to a historical narrative the colours of fiction, Mr. Gwynn from his countrymen asks pardon and indulgence for the book's manifest shortcomings. That such pardon and indulgence will be given readily by most Irishmen is a thing upon which Mr. Gwynn may count. A patriot himself, he has told the story of perhaps the noblest and surely the most unfortunate of Irish patriots with dignity, reticence, and a fine impartiality. There is in the whole book not a jarring or unbalanced word. Nothing is extenuated, nothing set down in malice. Defects and all, Mr. Gwynn develops Emmet's portrait. Sympathetically, if not eagerly always, we follow his love-story, so brief, so joyless, ending so tragically on that black morning when Sarah Curran waved, with a wild and passionate gesture, her eternal farewell. In minutest, frankest detail we are given account of the famous rising—its conception, the amazing preparations for it, the tragi-comedy of that fateful Saturday when—so, to many, it must seem—"the very name of rebellion was made ridiculous. . . ." And then, his hero marching now for the mountains, Mr. Gwynn finds his opportunity. Hitherto facts have in the main weighed against him. His faithful recital has seemed often too faithful—events not sufficient to ensure pictorial or imaginative effect—truth less wonderful and stirring, somehow, than it should be even in a historical romance. But now interest heightens. The story moves, appeals. Those last chapters are fine. We understand at last why Emmet "the defeated, the deceived, the undismayed and undespairing, animates for ever the hope in which he died." Quietly, simply, yet with a burning vividness, Mr. Gwynn describes the hero's last triumph. We are in the stuffy, packed court. Our eyes are on that small slight figure in the dock, facing inevitable doom fearlessly, crying out the noble words of his vindication: "My ministry is now ended; I am going to my cold, silent grave: my lamp of life"—he pointed to the flickering and waning lantern—"is nearly extinguished. . . . I have but one request to ask at my departure from this world—it is the charity of its silence.'" Then the black cap; and in a few hours the end on a plank beneath the scaffold. The pitiful, yet magnificent end.

JOY. By L. G. Moberly. 6s. (Ward, Lock.)

The long arm of coincidence proves invaluable in the clearing up of difficulties in this pleasantly written story and everything ends as the reader of Miss Moberly's novels would have it end. We feel sure all along that whatever delays and disappointments occur to Joy and her friends there will be no serious miscarriage of justice—such as too often occurs in this world of living human beings—and we are amply rewarded for our trust; no less than three couples are happily married at the finish—to make up for two deaths in the beginning. The frequent discussion of the question whether divers persons are "ladies" is a little tiresome; and the consideration of the expected results of gentle birth and good breeding is apt to pall outside the circulating library and the meetings of the Eugenics Society. But against these drawbacks we have a grocer's assistant who in a fit of primitive, barbaric jealousy nearly murders a baronet, and we cannot recall in all the realms of fiction any other grocer's assistant behaving in such an outrageous manner. We welcome this as a new departure; and if it is improbable, and out of keeping with the young man's character and calling, what of that? Greater writers than Miss Moberly have ridden rough-shod over probabilities, and in an amiable novel like "Joy" probabilities are as out of place as sheer realism. There are some illustrations to "Joy," by an unnamed artist, and these are quite pleasant and suitable.

FAERYLANDS FORLORN. By Arthur Shearly Cripps. (Oxford: Blackwell. London: Simpkin, Marshall & Co.)

We are not in this country so enamoured of style as to peruse with great enthusiasm such accounts of distant and exotic places as are met with in the works of Loti. Apparently he now can write them and omit the love intrigue, the marriage, which in former books of his was *de rigueur*. Page after page of glowing pictures, that is what he gives; no matter if his readers are familiar or unfamiliar with the scene. An English writer ventures much if he depicts a place to which the readers do not hope to travel. Monte Carlo is permitted, but the circle of appeal will be exiguous in less frequented paths, unless—as in "The Blue Lagoon"—there is a compensating human interest. Now with Mashonaland there clearly must not be a lack of human interest, especially if—as is here the case—the writer gives us not one story, but a string of short ones. Well, there is a varied group of human beings—clergymen and natives, and traders and wandering sculptors, and clergymen and police, and farmers and clergymen, and outcasts and clergymen. The most delightful thing in the world, whether in England or Mashonaland, is "shop," and to read the evident joy with which Mr. Cripps contemplates his profession and all that concerns it, is, I will not say disarming, for he does not appeal to those who do not like that sort of thing; it must be perfectly delightful to the reader who is interested in the work of missionaries. And that, I suppose, includes a large number of people. And those who read this book will find a local colour very well employed, a very pleasant fancy and a sympathetic attitude. It is a good book.

A WILL IN A WELL. By E. Everett-Green. 6s. (Stanley Paul.)

Beyond the fact that the title gives away the plot, there is little to find fault with in this agreeable domestic story. The will is, of course, discovered: the heiress is righted; and Miss Green even weds her to an earl. But this does not take place until plenty of difficulties are overcome, including a plot to kidnap the heroine, and a motor-car accident, in both of which an American visitor acquits himself ably. A double marriage rounds off the story, whose title might as well have been "All's Well that Ends Well." For young people, especially, this novel will have strong attractions. Other and older readers will appreciate most the sketch of the *nouveaux riches* which the authoress has thrown in to give relief to the simple, hearty ways of Val and Hilda and Mary.

THEY ALSO SERVE. By Christopher Stone. 6s. (Chatto & Windus.)

The diary form of novel has its disadvantages; it is better adapted for reflective stories than for adventure and incident. Mr. Stone, however, chooses a hero who withdraws into the country, to live for a while in obscurity, painting a little, thinking a little, and flirting a little. It would spoil the reader's enjoyment of the tale if we were to disclose the secret of the plot, which is pretty enough. The good genius of the story is a man who has become blind. The Miltonic title fits him, at least upon the lips of the hero and Marjory Chesselden. His intervention clears up their love-affair, and that was to the young pair an extremely real service. The construction of the book is less remarkable than its characterisation. Mr. Stone has drawn some well-marked figures, each with an individuality of its own, from the strenuous, headlong curate, to Mrs. Joddrell, the superior beauty who is married to the factor. The charm of the book lies in this circle of men and women round George Martin, the hero, who is rather a flabby sort of hero, by the way; and Mr. Stone has enriched his pages with reflections and observations which are seldom irrelevant and as seldom trite. These invest the book with a real attractiveness. Their atmosphere is more convincing than the suddenness

Mr. E. Phillips Oppenheim.
Photo by J. Burlon & Sons, Leicester.

with which Marjory and her lover fall in love, or the discovery of the latter's parentage. However, the novel is quite able to float, even under the slight handicap of these improbabilities.

BERENICE. By E. Phillips Oppenheim. 6s. (Ward, Lock.)

The heroine of this novel is an actress who first wins notoriety in a play by Ibsen, or Istein as Mr. Oppenheim chooses to disguise thinly the Norwegian dramatist. Berenice has the misfortune to be separated from her husband, after a loveless marriage, and this complicates her relationships with a young literary man who writes a play for her. Matravers, if he had only an "l" in his name, would recall some of the aristocratic heroes in early Victorian fiction, but he feels in honour bound to keep clear of any entanglement with Berenice, for her own sake as well as for that of her little boy. After generously providing for the husband and the child of his beloved, he poisons himself. The publishers, in their paper cover, assert that "this is the most puzzling and moving story its author has written," but Mr. Oppenheim has done far better work than this in the line of melodrama, and there is nothing specially puzzling about the plot. There is a strong emotional interest, which borders upon the sentimental. The novel belongs to the author's earlier manner, but it contains many of the qualities which have made Mr. Oppenheim a favourite among lovers of the sheer story.

BLACK SHEEP. By Stanley Portal Hyatt. 6s. (Werner Laurie.)

This is a strong, courageous story, worthy of Mr. Hyatt's reputation. James Grierson returns from ten years' wandering to find himself the black sheep of a family of appalling respectability. The Griersons are the kind of people with whom Mr. Galsworthy has made us acquainted; people of narrow views, the morality of the Pharisee, and of a charity limited to the social circle they adorn. To such James Grierson, unsuccessful and nomadic, is, naturally, uncongenial. To make matters worse, he fails utterly

to adapt himself to the environment of wealth and comfort enjoyed by the recipients of steady incomes, and, striking out as a journalist, pitches his tent with one of the world's outcasts. The struggles and disappointments of Fleet Street are excellently done. Douglas Kelly, experienced and pushful, explains to Grierson the difficulties to be faced:

"'You'll have a hard fight, because you've got ability and experience of the world, and those will tell you against you at first.'

"'Why?' Jimmy asked.

"Kelly gave a cynical little laugh. 'Because there's not much demand for either in Fleet Street. You've only got to study the Press to see that—dailies, weeklies, magazines, the whole lot. They want writers who are just on the level of the mob, because then the mob can understand them.'"

If this judgment is severe, the truth it contains will hardly be disputed. Here, as in other novels, Mr. Hyatt is equally severe on our modern civilisation and on the coloured races. It is possible the coloured races have as just a case against the conduct of the white man abroad. Why municipal trams and borough councils are detestable to Mr. Hyatt is not very clear. The trams of private companies really make quite as much noise as "the grinding whirr of the municipal trams." And, in spite of Mr. Hyatt's declarations, the experienced Londoner knows that the County Council has not destroyed freedom. Apart from these things, "Black Sheep" is a good, clean book.

A WINTER'S COMEDY. By Halliwell Sutcliffe. 6s. (T. Werner Laurie.)

A refreshing, wholesome atmosphere pervades "A Winter's Comedy," Mr. Sutcliffe's new book; it is full of a sense of strong clean winds, wide stretches of field and wood, sunshine, and fresh air. The story is told simply and sympathetically, and the principal characters are drawn with care and skill. Phyllis Dene, rescued from eighteen years of "captivity" with her Aunt Selina in West Kensington, is transported by her wealthy Uncle Saul to a lovely country house in Yorkshire. The country "gentry" at first resent Saul's appearance in their midst, and will not allow that he is of their "class" because he is a self-made man. Luckily for him (and for the reader) he is not of their "class"—being a cheery, sincere, great-hearted man, a man with a passion for horses and dogs and the healthy outdoor life of a country squire. He is a fine fellow, well worthy of all the good fortune that crosses his path. Phyllis makes a charming heroine, and the "gentry" are amazed at her perfect manners and refinement. Full of life and zest, she has occasional dreamy fanciful moods in which she seems to be able to see into her future. Consequently, she greets many of the events that take place in her new life in a calm casual way that is extremely weird. When Phyllis first appears in the village near her home she is much puzzled by the curious glances cast at her by the villagers. She questions her uncle, but, although he knows the reason, he will not tell her, and she does not discover till near the end of the story why it is she is regarded with such wonder and whispered comments. There is one fault in the story, and that is the continual harping on "class" distinctions; and we hear rather too much of Phyllis's "short upper-lip." Otherwise "A Winter's Comedy," with its cleverly handled plot, and its very natural characters, is a most thoroughly enjoyable and successful book.

The Bookman's Table.

REST AND UNREST. By Edward Thomas. 2s. 6d. net. (Duckworth.)

There is more poetry in Mr. Thomas's prose than in any new book of verse that has come into our hands this long time past. He has a delicate gift of style; a sensitive feeling for words, a nice instinct for the illuminating phrase; his ideas seem to clothe themselves in fitting and graceful language, easily, naturally, without a touch of eccentricity or affectation; there is no bareness anywhere, but nothing is overdressed. His little sketches of landscape catch not only the light and colour and visible details of a scene, but the very atmosphere of it, and in each of the nine essays in this volume such descriptions of the countryside and the moods of nature get their chief importance, or at least an added significance, from serving as a setting and background to some everyday story of human life and character. One could not handle Mr. Thomas's slight themes in a summary without thumbing most of the bloom and beauty from them. "The First of Spring" does not more exquisitely express the joy of a world awakening out of its winter, than the pathos of the maternal yearnings that stir in the starved heart of the subdued, kindly, spinsterly Alice, at sight of another's motherhood and the thought of adopting the little child that nobody wanted. Mrs. Wilkins, the masterful, tyrannical housewife of "Sunday Afternoon," her tolerant, easy-going husband, her three thin, spectacled, unmarried daughters, the oppressed, imaginative, rebellious little granddaughter, orphan of the only daughter who had rebelled against her narrow government, and the deadly dull and dreary Sunday she enforces upon them—the room, the people, the past that lies behind them, are sketched in lightly, vividly, with sympathetic humour and with a shrewd insight that gives them life and makes them wonderfully real. There are happier, more attractive things in the book, perhaps, but none that is more subtly charged with emotion and the unacted dream-drama of the inner life of humanity; and the same charm of style, the same qualities of sympathy and insight and descriptive cunning, are common to them all. "Rest and Unrest" is the newest addition to the series that includes Michael Fairless's "Roadmender," and it is no little praise to say it is worthy of its place.

MODERN WOMAN AND HOW TO MANAGE HER. By Walter M. Gallichan. 2s. net. (Werner Laurie.)

It is from the man's point of view, of course—and Mr. Gallichan has done it well and interestingly. "Woman is essentially implacable, like the cat." That came from Nietzsche. It suggests a fascinating household exercise (preferably, to give it full flavour) just after that pleasant man has made his fifth demand for the rates, and the last new hat (proudly displayed!) has caused yet another of those sinking feelings so familiar to the married man. The exercise? Trace out, as you sit in armchair ease, the points of resemblance between your wife and Tobina the cat, sleeping and stretching in front of the fire. (N.B.—Don't tell your wife about your conclusions.) This is just mentioned, because the conclusions of Mr. Gallichan, convincingly put down, are to the effect that woman is essentially, all said and done, by much the inferior of man. Nature, as he seeks to show by a number of apt instances, plays her lure of sex-attraction, and then has no further concern with the resulting happiness or unhappiness. Mr. Gallichan rightly sums the whole difficulty—there must be eternal compromise, compromise underlined all the time. There must be some make-believe. Love's the art that, as much as any other art, wants careful craftsmanship.

"There is more need for love-making in wedlock than in the betrothal days. God bless us all, we are children who want to be noticed, flattered, petted, and played with. As soon as a husband ceases to admire his wife for her features and her other charms, or her domestic economy, or her mental parts, or her goodness, or what not, he is losing the lover attitude and merging into a state of mere toleration. When a wife neglects those gentle offices that count for so much in daily life, and ceases to take interest in her husband's opinions and hobbies, she is forgetting that love can only be kept aglow by art and tact."

Every husband should get this book—and every wife with any common sense at all.

THE IDEA OF A FREE CHURCH. By Henry Sturt. 5s. net. (Walter Scott Publishing Co.)

This is a book that may be read with interest and with profit by men of all shades of religious opinion. Mr. Sturt handles the vext problems of the day thoughtfully, earnestly, and with a philosophic breadth and impartiality of view that thinking men will deeply appreciate even where they incline to dissent from him. His idea of a Free Church is a new religious system which takes a wide and penetrating survey of causes and effects and is raised on a sound basis of pragmatism. He outlines this system clearly, brilliantly, reverently, with ripe knowledge and high reasonableness that come of a close study of the history and the spiritual needs of humanity. It is an important and profoundly stimulating exposition of a great theme, and one that we warmly recommend to all those who concern themselves with the latter-day religious ideals and aspirations of the race.

THE CRAFTSMAN'S PLANT-BOOK. By Rich G. Hatton, Hon. A.R.C.A. (London). 25s. net. (Chapman & Hall.)

"The Craftsman's Plant-Book" is the puzzling and unattractive title of a by no means puzzling and very attractive book. Its sub-title makes it clearer and runs as follows: "Figures of Plants selected from the Herbals of the sixteenth century and exhibiting the finest examples of plant-drawing found in those rare works, whether executed in wood-cuts or in copper-plate engravings, arranged for the use of the decorator, with supplementary illustrations and some remarks on the use of plant-form in design." Of the five hundred and thirty pages, by far the greater part is given to reproductions of the illustrations to herbals and plant books, beginning with that of Otto Brunfels in 1530 and ending with Crispan van de Passe in 1614. The supplementary illustrations are from Lindley's "Vegetable Kingdom," Zwingus's "Thatrum Botanicum" and the author himself. Altogether they number more than a thousand and are a fascinating selection, many of them being no less beautiful and suggestive than they are valuable as representing an interesting branch of art at an early stage; for the very first of the herbals drawn upon is noticeable as containing copies of the plants from life. Most of them are accurate in a great many details and in total effect, while at the same time a large proportion have been rendered with a view to decorative effect, and with success. Mr. Hatton's writing extends to fifty pages and covers chapters on the herbals, on the use of plants as elements in design, on Jacobean floral ornament, on some considerations governing the use of plants in design, and on the general form and classification of plants. These chapters are practical, forcible, and brief, and form a sufficient introduction to a book which is likely to be permanent as well as unique.

THE WORKS OF OSCAR WILDE. Vols. VIII. to XII. 5s. net each. (Methuen.)

These five volumes complete Messrs. Methuen's uniform edition of the chief works of Oscar Wilde, and include "A House of Pomegranates," with its four exquisite fairy-tales, two of them, "The Young King" and "The Fisherman and his Soul," surely among the most poignant and wonderfully human stories in this kind that were ever written; they include also "Salome," and "A Florentine Tragedy," "Intentions," "Essays and Lectures," and "De Profundis." The Essays and Lectures show Wilde as a serious, unconventional thinker, one of the leaders in that æsthetic movement which profoundly influenced the artistic taste of the latter years of last century, though its excesses were mercilessly laughed at. But the two volumes of Wilde's prose that will be longest and oftenest read are "Intentions"—that subtle study of Lamb's friend Wainewright; "Pen, Pencil, and Poison," and the two brilliantly witty dialogues on "The Decay of Lying" and "The Critic as Artist"—and his painfully self-revealing apologia, "De Profundis," whose finely imaginative, sensitive prose loses nothing of its magic on a re-reading. Small wonder that, in the five years since its first appearance, it has gone already through fourteen editions. Messrs. Methuen are to be congratulated on the completion of this cheap reissue, which, alike in print, paper and binding, is tasteful and entirely satisfying.

THE CHRIST OF THE HOLY GRAIL. By James Macbeth Bain. 2s. 6d. (Theosophical Publishing Company.)

There is nothing cryptic about the mysticism of Mr. Macbeth Bain. He delivers his message in simple—almost artless—language, and draws his illustrations from the common phenomena of nature and everyday life, although here and there in his little volume one lights on phrases that reveal the influence of the Hindu school. The keynote of the doctrine is expressed in the introductory chapter, which declares that "the Christos is the Great Love and the Great Love is the Christos." Of this theme in its various aspects the book treats, now in a vein of rhapsody and now in discourses of calmly reasoned appeal to the facts of ordinary human experience. It represents, in short, a body of transcendental doctrine simplified, but rendered distinctive by a personal note that rises at times from earnestness to ecstasy, as in the "Invitation to the Feast of the Holy Grail" at the beginning, and the prose "Hymn to the Christ of the Holy Grail" which forms one of the closing chapters. The author has realised, in common with many other thinkers of to-day, to how small a degree spiritual progress is subserved by purely intellectual concepts, and his appeal is made to the higher intuitions or, more correctly, to the entire soul-consciousness. As for the main motive of the book, while Love, whether sacred or profane, is a trite enough subject in the hands of literary rhapsodists, it becomes transfigured when it is treated worthily in its universal or cosmic presentation. Although Mr. Bain's present work has no pretensions to great literature—that being no part of his purpose—his message will be welcome to all who are interested in the movement of human life towards unity, and especially to those who realise that Love in its more unfolded forms may be seen not only as the Awakener, the Beautifier, and the Liberator, but also as the Discerner.

A QUEEN AT BAY. By Edmund d'Auvergne. 16s. net. (Hutchinson.)

Mr. d'Auvergne is to be congratulated upon the discovery of a new heroine for the purposes of biography. We can recall no other work which, in a popular manner, puts before the reader the inner history of Spain during and after the Carlist war. This "story of Cristina and Don Carlos," as is the manner of its kind, concerns itself chiefly with the court intrigues of the period, and the action of the Carlist war takes, comparatively speaking, a "back seat." The diplomacy of the times was exceedingly complicated, and though Mr. d'Auvergne is deft enough in pointing out the general trend of events, he is at times confusing. The author confesses to a greater admiration for his heroine than we ourselves can summon: "Cristina of Spain was a very human, passionate woman, whose lot it was to save her daughter's throne and unwillingly to preside at the coming of age of a great nation. These mighty tasks she accomplished not by the exercise of any great talents or genius for statecraft, but by dint of pluck and plain common-sense." However, although we may not always sympathise with the Queen, there can be no doubt that the story of her life contains most of the essentials of romance. The reader will find Mr. d'Auvergne's pages picturesque and interesting.

HAMEWITH. By Charles Murray. With an Introduction by Andrew Lang and two illustrations by E. Douglas Strachan. 5s. (Constable.)

Are the Scottish people still "songsmiths"? It is to be feared they are not in the old historic sense, or even in the more modern one in which the brilliant little company who formed the collection contained in "Whistle Binkie" were song-writers; men like Alexander Rodger, James Ballantine, and William Miller. These men walked easily in the Scots dialect; the clothes fitted them. To-day every newspaper has its dialect poets, but they seldom walk with grace; the old garments seem like borrowed suits. It is sad, but we fear the people of Scotland have ceased to think in their own sinewy and expressive tongue. They have got the impression that the speech of Whitechapel is the dialect of the English people and that it must be best. And so we may get verse in Scotland but it will no longer be Scottish verse or even bear marks of its origin behind the Cheviot Hills. How does it come about, then, that Mr. Charles Murray's "Hamewith" contains so much that is virile and racy of the soil? Mr. Murray seems to have escaped the bad form of Anglophobia which holds Scotland in its grip by going abroad, and there his eyes have been better able to see the true value of the fast disappearing life of the old Scots countryside. The ballads in his book show all the trenchant strength and the faculty for swift and graphic portraiture which are familiar to us in such ballads as "Allister MacAllister," "Kate Dalrymple," or "Robin Tamson's Smiddy." Mr. Murray is a master of his own Aberdeenshire doric which, for sonorousness, copiousness, and graphic power far surpasses any dialect spoken south of Tweed. His ballads, too, are full of pictures, for he shares with our old ballad-writers and, indeed, with the best poets of all countries, the faculty for making picturesque and illuminating phrases; we have no space for quotation, but the reader will find such a poem as "The Deil and the Deevilock" positively alive with them. Mr. Andrew Lang contributes a preface in which he laments that the art of reading poetry is almost lost, and whimsically suggests that there are now probably more writers than there are readers of verse. The book also contains two admirable illustrations by Mr. E. Douglas Strachan.

Notes on New Books.

MR. JOHN LONG.

The Phases of Marcella, by Captain Henry Curties (6s.), is a novel which will not allow its readers to fall asleep. It begins so quietly and innocently with the girlhood of the orphan heroine in the quiet country parsonage on the borders of the New Forest that we were quite unprepared for the—one might almost describe it as the vortex of incident which follows the heroine's quiet marriage to the man she loves, in her uncle's little country church. Drugging and poisoning seem to be two of the main occupations of the villains in this story, and things happen with startling unexpectedness. We are thankful to leave the hero and heroine actually alive, not to speak of happy, in the last chapter.

MESSRS. GIBBINGS & CO.

The Collector's Handbook to **Keramics,** by William Chaffers (6s. net), cannot be called a new edition in spite of the fact that its contents are selected from the author's larger book, "The Keramic Gallery." It is in its present form such a thoroughly useful, concise, and workmanlike volume, that as a handbook it comes as a new help to the collector. It is full of salient facts and necessary information, and as to these are added very carefully selected illustrations of pottery and porcelain of the Renaissance and modern periods, it will be easily understood how excellent a guide it is to all lovers of keramics and to collectors anxious to identify specimens which bear no marks to guide them. The volume is full of general interest also, and is very really educational, as it touches upon so many points of an historical and biographical nature.

MESSRS. GOWANS & GRAY.

Messrs Gowans & Gray have followed up their excellent series of "Masterpiece" booklets of Paintings by a further two-volume publication of **Masterpieces of Sculpture,** selected by Dr. Georg Gronau (6d. net each). These handy booklets follow the lines of those on the art of various painters, viz. they show by reproductions alone the best sculptured art of the world, with just sufficient at the foot of each page to indicate the school, the sculptor, the material in which the work was wrought and its present home. The fame of the dainty "Masterpiece" series is world-wide; a score or so of the small parchment volumes would take little space in one's library and add little to the weight of one's luggage, yet would cover in a wonderfully detailed manner the whole field of classic painting and sculpture. The latest volume of the Painters' Series is **The Masterpieces of Carpaccio and Giorgione** (6d. net).

This same enterprising firm has just published in its "Humorous Masterpieces" a series of illustrations from "Punch" under the title of **Pictures by Charles Keene** (6d. net). It is a little gallery of good work by this fine artist, and by it we can realise how far the artist's wit and humour exceeded that of the joke-writers in the mid-Victorian period.

THE UTOPIA PRESS.

By all lovers of the nursery and by all dwellers in the nursery, Mr. J. H. Goring's new volume, **The Ballad of Lake Laloo,** and Other Rhymes, will receive a very hearty and a very right welcome. With but few exceptions Mr. Goring maintains a high level in his poetry for children. He understands the child-mind very thoroughly; his lines are picturesque, they hold colour, and they possess that blend of the imaginative and the everyday which is so perfectly natural to the normal child. He is especially happy in his "cumulative" verses, if one may so describe them, such as "I Bought a Ship":

> "I bought a ship and went to sea:
> The sea was deep, too deep for me.
> I sold the ship and bought a train,
> And took a trip through France and Spain," etc.,

and "The Half-Crown":

> "When I go up to London Town,
> What can I buy for half-a-crown?
> I'd like a horse with a cart behind;
> A watch to pull out of my pocket and wind;
> A baby brother, a clockwork train,
> And a real live dog at the end of a chain—
> Then if there's any change out, I'd like
> Just two white rats and a motor-bike."

But it is this use (a far too frequent use) of the slang word "bike" which is one of the things we do not approve of in such a charming book. Another point we demur at is the intelligence given in the last verse of "The Horse." Children need not be told anything about the fate of horses in this manner. With these two exceptions we heartily congratulate Mr. Goring and prophesy that his poems will find their way into many a future anthology for children.

REPRINTS AND NEW EDITIONS.

It was a happy thought which made Professor Spingarn issue in separate form (from the Clarendon Press) Sir William Temple's **Essays on Ancient and Modern Learning, and on Poetry,** from the third volume of his standard collection of "Critical Essays of the Seventeenth Century." Sir William Temple cannot be said to have been hardly dealt with by time. He lives by reason of the enthusiastic tributes of the eighteenth-century essayists, by his connection with Swift, and perhaps most of all by one deathless sentence. Professor Spingarn seeks to add to these claims. He urges that Temple is a pioneer of historical criticism, that he anticipates Jeremy Collier, and that he has something of Gray's romantic interest in the literatures of Northern Europe. "The blunder of Phalaris," he maintains, "cannot override such claims as these." Professor Spingarn seems to overstate his case. The blunder of Phalaris does not stand alone in convicting Temple of superficiality and sciolism. In his dashes "through thick and thin" Temple was inevitably "in" as well as "out," but on such occasional successes it seems hazardous to base a claim for so far-reaching a prescience. It is doubtful if Temple's position in the development of English Prose has not been over-rated by the influence of a critical tradition. The "genteel" school conferred a new smoothness on our prose, but did not at the same time retain the more important qualities of Dryden's variety and vigour. Temple, we take it, stands to Dryden as a prose-writer in much the same relation as Waller stands to Dryden, the poet. This scholarly edition is an addition of the greatest value to our educational literature.

The fine classic of Sir Thomas More, the "Utopia," has been rendered into modern English by Valerian Paget, under the title of **More's Millennium** (5s. net), and Messrs. Alston Rivers publish it. There is no need for the shudder which we half feared would be felt when we turned to the first chapter of this modernisation, for the moderniser has brought understanding and a great sympathy, taste, and an intellectual self-restraint to his work. Utopia now lies open to the general reader; it

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